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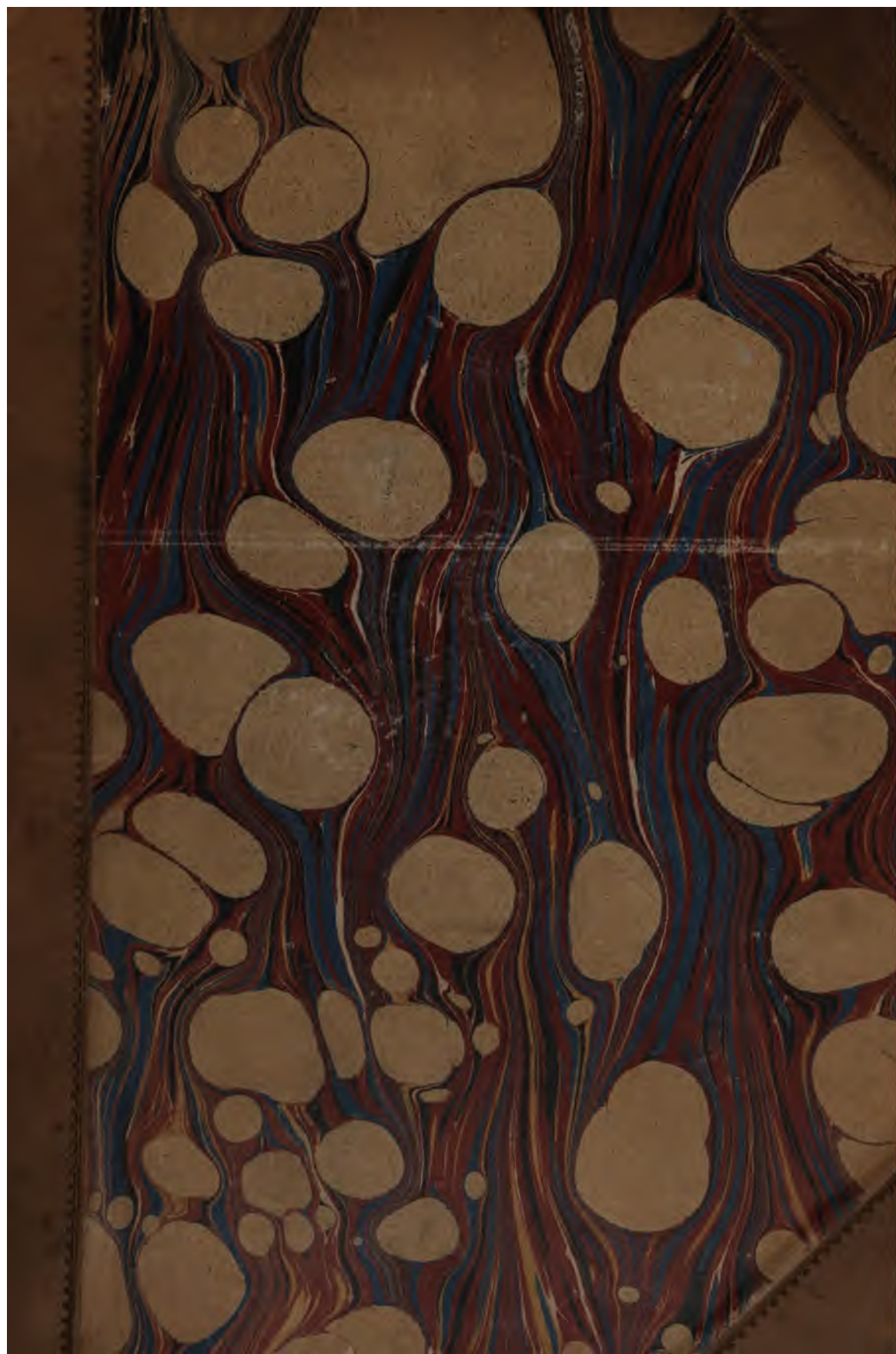
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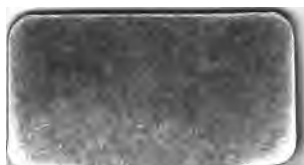
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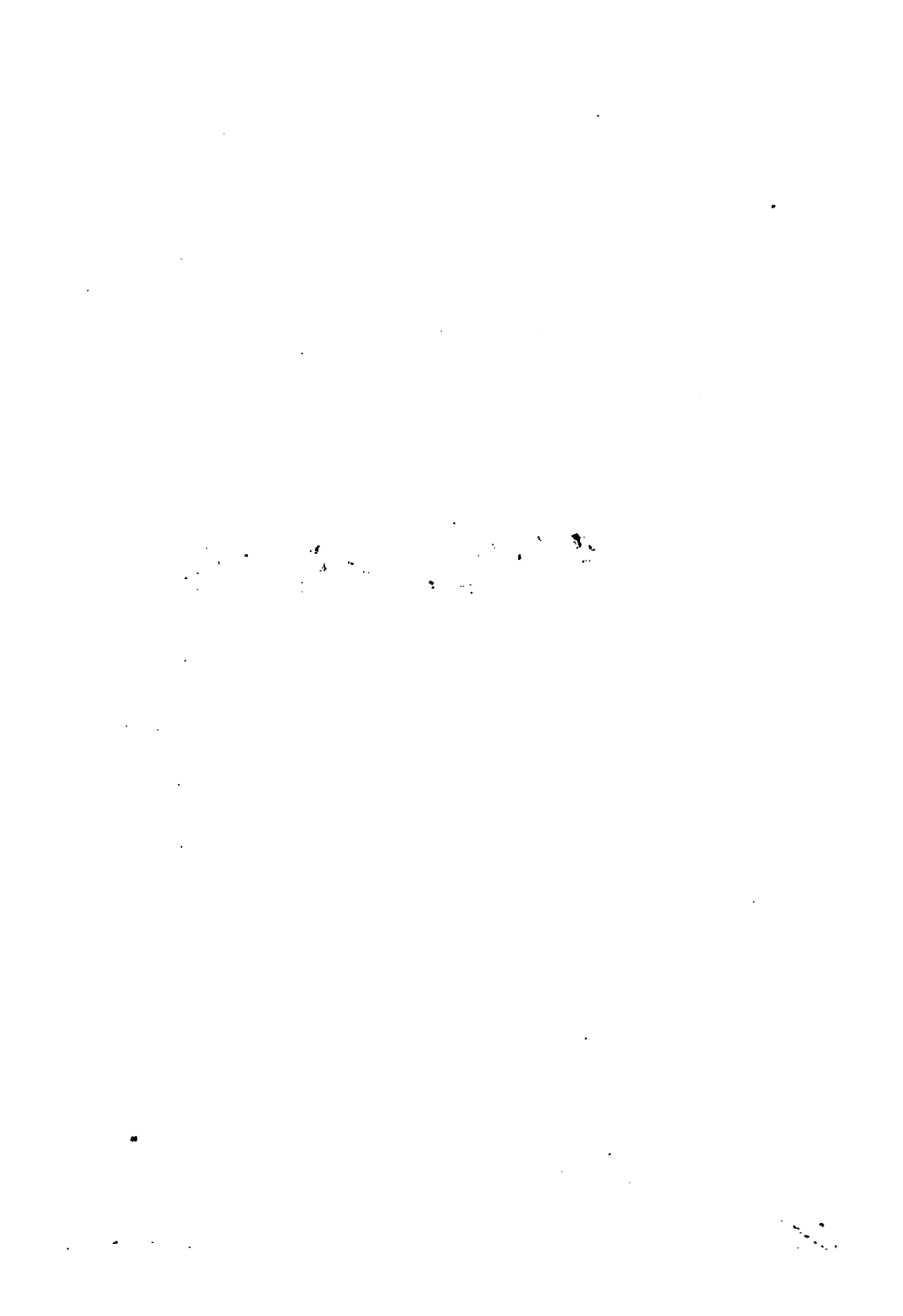


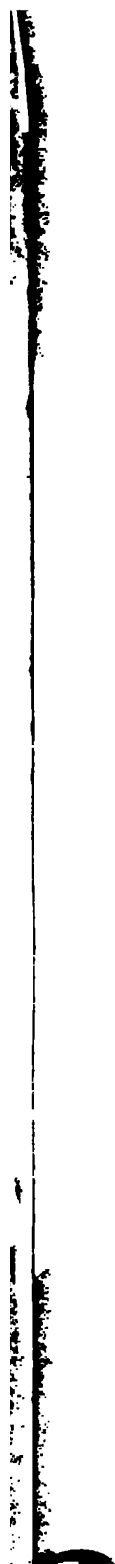


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L A T I N  
A N D  
E N G L I S H  
P O E M S.

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By a Gentleman of *Trinity College, Oxford.*

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*Nec Lufisse pudet, sed non incidere Ludum.* HOR.

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L O N D O N:

Printed in the Year M DCC XXXVIII.

260. A. 175.





TO THE  
AUTHOR  
Of the following  
POEMS.

*T*O speak of Merit in Impartial Lays,  
And without Flattery a Friend to praise,  
For this the Muse shall strike the Vocal Lyre,  
And sing in Numbers which Thy Works Inspire,  
Who feels your Sorrow with a Sigh sincere,  
And 'spite of Resolution drops a Tear.  
Tho' clouded like the Sun thy Genius shines  
Thro' Fortune's Mist in Bright Immortal Lines,

*Like Martyrs from Affliction stronger grows,  
 Nor drooping sinks beneath a Weight of Woes :  
 Not so cou'd OVID in His Exile write ;  
 The Heart-felt Anguish check'd His Tow'ring Flight ;  
 His Theme no longer was the Blooming Fair,  
 But sung in dying Notes His own Despair.  
 When modern sing-song panegyrick Bards,  
 Whom CIBBER praises, and the Court rewards,  
 In dark Oblivion shall forgotten lie,  
 Except preserv'd by Chance beneath a Pye,  
 With Rapture shall Posterity rehearse  
 To their admiring Sons Thy lasting Verse.*

*Since HORACE flourish'd in AUGUSTUS' Court,  
 (For Men of Wit and Taste the Gay Resort)  
 None but the British Bards with Ease cou'd sing,  
 Or touch with Equal Skill the Roman String,  
 From their rude Hands the Lyre dropp'd idely down,  
 Because they were not Lineal to the Throne.*

*Tho'*

*Tho' STEPHEN's Muse in Humble Metre flows,  
And warbles Numbers near ally'd to Prose,  
Thy Genius gives a Lustre to His Rhimes,  
And such a Bard may live to Future Times.  
So modern B—sh—ps by Translation thrive,  
And Drones receive the Labours of the Hive.*

*Had Fortune shone with an Auspicious Ray,  
And gilded with Her Beams Thy Natal Day,  
The World had lost the Labours of your Brain,  
And PHOEBUS had Inspir'd Thy Breast in vain;  
But now what Glory will reward your Toil,  
If when the Goddess frown the Muses smile?  
And sure that is the most distinguish'd Fame  
Which rises from your own, not Father's Name.*

T. GILBERT, A. M. Fellow  
of Peter-house in Cambridge.

London, April 21, 1738.

C O N-



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# CONTENTS.

<b>S</b> Hunamitis Poema Stephani Duck latinè redditum	Pag. 1
Pars tertii Capitis Prophetæ Habakkuk — —	p. 15
Ad Amicum — — — —	p. 18
Ad Joannem G---f---num Equitem — —	p. 21
Ad Amicum — — — —	p. 23
Ad Gallum — — — —	p. 26
Ad Amicum cum Joannis Secundi Operibus — —	p. 28
Ad Sextum — — — —	p. 30
Ad Sextum — — — —	p. 34
Ad Sextum — — — —	p. 39
Ad Henricum P----- — — — —	p. 42
Ad Bacchum — — — —	p. 45
Ad Carolum W----- — — — —	p. 48
<i>Verses on Betty Close's coming to Town, humbly address'd to the Ladies of Pleasure of the Year 1736.</i> — —	p. 52
In Obitum Elizabethæ Close, salacis Memorix — —	p. 55
Ad Thomam F----- — — — —	p. 59
Ad Gothofredum C----- — — — —	p. 61
Ad Sextum — — — —	p. 65
Ad Macrum — — — —	p. 67
<i>Incerti Authoris.</i> Ad Rufillum — — — —	p. 70
— Meretrices Britannicæ — — — —	p. 73
<i>A. A.</i> ad J. K, M. D. Epithalamium — — — —	p. 77
<i>A. A.</i> . . . J. T. . . . S. — — — —	p. 81

## C O N T E N T S.

<i>To the Author, on the Ladies Subscription for his English Poems</i>	Page 85
<i>The Story of Aristæus, translated from the Fourth Georgic of Virgil</i>	p. 87
<i>Bion's Adonis translated</i>	p. 102
<i>Psalms CXIV. translated</i>	p. 109
<i>On the Death of the Reverend Mr. John Bingham, Student of Christ-Church, Oxford</i>	p. 110
<i>Psalms CXXXVII. translated</i>	p. 115
<i>The Seventh Ode of the Fourth Book of Horace imitated</i>	p. 117
<i>On the Death of the Right Honourable the Lord Castlereagh, 1736.</i>	p. 119
<i>On the Widow Bradgate of the Three Tuns in Oxford, 1734.</i>	p. 123
<i>The Toast</i>	p. 124
<i>The Patriot</i>	p. 125
<i>The Rape of Europa translated from Moschus</i>	p. 126
<i>A Translation from the Latin Ode of the Third Chapter of Habakkuk</i>	p. 134

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## E R R A T A.

**P**AGE 5, Line 16, instead of *Intenti Vocibus*, read *Vocibus Intenti*. p. 13. l. 15. for *tuo* read *tuque*. p. 29. l. 11. for *carmine* read *carmina*. p. 34. l. 1. instead of *Tbracias* read *Tbreicias*. p. 54. l. 4. for *blest'd* read *blest*. p. 76. l. 3, 4. for *Carelese* read *Carlese*. p. 77. l. 1. for *in* read *ni*. p. 81. l. 7. for *fluctans* read *fluitans*. p. 123. l. 13. for *Mother* read *Parent*. p. 135. l. 2. instead of *Cast's a Dread o'er*, read *Cast's a dread Terror o'er*.

S H U N A M I T I S  
P O E M A  
S T E P H A N I D U C K

Latine redditum.

**V** O S, ô cœlestes Musæ, aspirete canenti,  
 Nam vestrum est cœleste melos; Rex maxime  
 (Cœli  
 Invoco præcipue; venias in vota secundus  
 O Deus, & tangas divino flamine pectus;  
 Umbrosum seu te Carmel, sacrive fluentum  
 Jordani tenet, huc adfīs, numerisque vigorem  
 Sufficias dum me laudes tibi dicere læto  
 Accingam cantu, moveasque Rebellia corda  
 B Isacidūm,



Ifacidûm, ut memori condant sub pectore voces.

Talibus orabat dictis Shunamia mater ;  
 Undique Judæi proceres, populique frequentes  
 Agglomerant ; tum mentem inflata, & numine plena  
 Sic canere incepit : vos, ô Abrâmia proles,  
 Arrectas adhibete aures ; laudare Jehovam  
 Mens jubet, atque Dei miracula ferre per orbem :  
 Cum Conforte tori multos feliciter annos  
 Exegi, Domino lectissima munera cœli  
 Non parcâ fundente manu, semperque patebat  
 Externis domus Hospitium, solamen Egenis.  
 Virtutem suadens, divinaque jussâ capeffens  
 Has olim terras celebravit Elîsha, Laresque  
 Non semel ad nostros venit gratissimus Hospes ;  
 Ille quidem titulos, & quæ fert gratia regum  
 Obtulit haud animi ingratus, sed non ego tali  
 Mente utens, dixi, O vates, Deus optimus almam  
 Concessit terram quâ pleno Copia manat

Flu-

Flumine; quod satis est fruimur, non plura rogamus;  
 Accedant Regum turres & Martia castra  
 Quæis levis ambitio, fugitivaque gloria cordi est,  
 Aurea sollicitæ tentent & vincula pompæ;  
 Me ducit natale solum, quo degere vitam  
 Stat mihi, nec lucro placidam mutare quietem;  
 Hic etenim nudus vestes, fessusque viator  
 Inveniat requiem, hoc vano prælucet honori  
 Qui tegit internos luctus, fucatque dolores.  
 Purpureo Satrapas decorant Insignia cultu,  
 Et splendore rudis perstringunt lumina vulgi,  
 Sed rarò pullæ dispergunt nūbila curæ.

Progenie exceptâ, Cælum dulcissima vitæ  
 Præbuerat; quod cum Vatis pervenit ad aures,  
 Me vocat; ut veni, tollit se fede propheta,  
 Nec tum eadem facies, nec vox, nec forma loquenti:  
 (Delphicus haud quali vultus feritate Sacerdos  
 Apparet, rabidum stimulat cum pectus Apollo,  
 Edit & infani figmenta Oracula sensus;)  
 Mortali at plusquam facies suffusa decore

Effulfit, cœleste jubar radiavit in ore  
 Dicentis; falve mulier carissima Cœlo !  
 Non latuere Deum virtutes, præmia solvet  
 Digna, dabitque utero sterili producere natum.  
 Sic vates; & mox jucundo pondere sensim  
 Intumuit venter, promissam enixaque prolem  
 Lætabar; subito volitabat fama per urbes  
 Vicinas; puerum extemplo venêre gregatim.  
 Spectatum affines; placidis cum vocibus omnes.  
 Gaudia fudissent, grato sic ore canebam :

O Cœli Genitor, numeros quis laudibus æquos  
 Inveniat? Quis fando dei miracula pandat?  
 Te Domino mandante, liquefcet faxea rupes  
 In glebam, & croceis prægnans flavebit aristis.  
 Aurea desertum decorabit Copia, lætis  
 Ridebunt uvis Arabumque inculta locorum.

Talia dicentem populi clamore secundo  
 Sic interpellant, & complent murmure cœlum :

O Deus

O Deus Omnipotens! quàm vasta potentia regni est

Confessi, nomen sancto laudamus honore.

Cuncta tuo parent sceptro, naturaque jussis

Auscultans, linquit soliti vestigia cursus.

Nos tibi pro tali grates persolvere dignas

Munere conamur, præsens his annue votis,

Ut vires puero, sic crescant gaudia matri :

Natali porro vates qui præfuit horæ

Confiliis animum vitæ per lubrica ducat;

Et vos, aligeri folium cœleste ministri

Stipantes, tenerâ virtutis femina mente

Spargite, dumque haustu vitalis vescitur auræ

Præsidio munite, & cum mors occupat artus,

Tunc efferte--- manum hic movit matrona, silenti

Morigeri jussu cuncti tacuere, futuris

Intenti vocibus, quas mœsto hæc edidit ore :

Mortales miseri! tantùm imperfecta supremis

Gaudia libamus labris, & nubila luctûs.

Lætitiæ

Lætitiæ imbelles radios ferrugine tingunt :  
 Antè revolventes quam bis septem egerat annos  
 Progenies (adeo brevis est & summa voluptas)  
 Vivendi studio correpta exivit in arva  
 Messores, & flaventes longo ordine fasces  
 Erectos, oculisque arrisit lutea scena ;  
 Sed jubar aut Phœbus nimium vibravit acutum,  
 Aut inimica aura, aut subiti cœlere dolores  
 Maturare necem ; pater ô ! succurre dolenti  
 Dixit, at incassum ; penitus vigor artubus ægris  
 Languit, & rosei vultum liquere colores.

Tanti fama mali nostras cito pertigit aures,  
 Atque aderat subito moribunda in limine proles ;  
 Indulgens ivi collo dare brachia circum ;  
 Quid puerum cruciat dixi ? gemitu ille profundo  
 Respondit, vox & morienti faucibus hæsit.  
 Tentavi mœrens rabiem lenire dolendi,  
 Tentavi frustra ; quatit æger anhelitus artus  
 Pallentes, Fati instantis certissimus Index :

Illico

Illico frigebant vitalia flumina venis,  
 Nutavitque æger lethali pondere vertex;  
 Ter conatus erat gremio se attollere & impos  
 Ter cecidit, gemitu vitamque amisit in auras.  
 Non aliter quàm cum tenerà radice colonus  
 Nutrivit vitem, ramos docilesque plicavit,  
 Sithoniumve gelu, vel mordet noxius Euri  
 Surgentem flatus, vani pereuntque labores.

Frigescens horrore steti, perque ima cucurrit  
 Offa tremor; lacrymas fuderunt lumina, & imbre  
 Continuo maduere genæ; vix corde dolorem  
 Sustinui; demum sed lingua silentia rupit,  
 Et tristi querulas emisit pectore voces:

O quàm mortales animos incerta voluptas  
 Deliciis brevibus mulcet, fugit inde caduca,  
 Par vacuæ nubi, volucrique simillima vento!  
 Nil autem lugere juvat, non vita redibit  
 In gelidum corpus, pulcroque cadaveri eundum est

In noctem æternam, & tenebroſæ viſcera terræ.  
 Sed culpare Deum, fatoque edicere leges  
 Non noſtrum eſt; miro proles fuit edita partu,  
 Nec magè fit mirandum, animet ſi ſpiritus auræ  
 Exſanguis artus, ſedem repetatque priorem.  
 Si properem ad Carmel, forſan lenimen amaris  
 Accedat curis; vatis valere potentes  
 Fœcundare preces ſterilem, votisque favente  
 Numine, diſſolvat frigentia vincula mortis.  
 Tiſhbites viduæ Natum revocavit ab umbris;  
 Nec Famam eſt Factis fortitus Eliſha minorem:  
 Jordani rapidum pallâ cum venit ad amnem  
 Percuſſit fluctus, hinc atque hinc flumina currunt  
 Diviſa, & liquidis ſtipant veſtigia muris.  
 Per multas meſſes tellus Jerichoa colonis  
 Haud æqua aſſiduis herbas produxit inertes;  
 Sed mandante illo flavis ridebat ariftis,  
 Peſtiferi fontes undasque dedere ſalubres.  
 Dilectum cœlo vatem non dulcia ſola,  
 Aſt & acerba manent penès, ingentemque procacis  
Ultorem

Ultorem linguæ sensit Bethelia Pubes.  
 Prætereâ, quando Moabitæ fœdera turmæ  
 Fregêre, & frustra coiêre rebellibus armis  
 Ifacidûm turbare manus, in bella Cohortes  
 Duxit Idumeæ \* Princeps deferta per oræ;  
 Quà non arentem mulcebant aëra venti,  
 Nec puri ficcis manabant fontibus amnes ;  
 Oppressit fitis ægra duces, fociæque Phalanges  
 Defecêre animis, a Te tum, magne propheta,  
 Auxilium petiêre Duces, nec inane petebant :  
 Namque ubi jussisti, tellus humebat obortis  
 Fluminibus, campique liquens solvuntur in æquor ;  
 Non major tellurem uftam rorarit aquarum  
 Copia, cum faxa Amramides mollivit in undas.  
 Quemve unquam fugiet facinus mirabile factu,  
 Multiplicando oleum viduæ cum debita solvit ?  
 Talia qui fecit (votis modò Conditor orbis  
 Annuat,) exanimi det morte resurgere nato.

\* Jehoram.

C

Sic



Sic fata, imposui puerum malè mœsta cubili  
 Quo vates dormire solet, jussique parari  
 Quadrupedem ; at tristis conjux abrumpere frustra  
 Propositum tentabat iter, dictisque monebat :  
 Non Deus æthereo vatis nunc flamine tangit  
 Pectora, neve illi est arcana recludere fati ;  
 Cui sic respondi : cur spem compescere quæris  
 Surgentem ? Vulgi ritus, & vana dierum  
 Nomina non mihi sunt curæ, Deus Optimus illi  
 Semper adest, precibusque benignas exhibet aures.  
 Hæc ubi dicta dedi, frænis per plana viarum  
 Laxatis properavit Equus, Passuque citato  
 Deveni terram celso quà vertice Carmel  
 Surgit, odorato recreatque cacumine cœlum ;  
 Qua vitis placidam ramis contexuit umbram  
 Confedit Vates ; Zephyri lufère tepentes  
 Per nemus, & leni frondes movêre fufurro.  
 Procubui prona ante pedes, tremulâque prehensens  
 Genua manu, plenas effudi luctui habenas :

Materno

Materno dixit parce indulgere dolori,  
 Non lacrymæ possunt fati mutare tenorem ;  
 Accendit Deus, aut extinguit lampada vitæ  
 Ad libitum; mandare suum, succumbere nostrum est ;  
 Vult omnes Natura mori; certa urna paratur  
 Omnibus, & mors non pœna est, nisi talis habetur.  
 Nostra tamen magnum si tangant vota Tonantem,  
 Ipsa regustabis redivivo gaudia nato.  
 Sic ait, & baculo defigit lumina, servum  
 Ad se deinde vocat; dixitque, hoc leniter ora  
 Pone super pueri, jussum ille exêgit herile.

O nostræ, inclamo, spes certa & sola salutis !  
 Da mihi te facilem ; non fas est credere servo  
 Tantæ molis opus : si tu mecum ire recuses,  
 Auritas mœsto vites clamore movebo,  
 Et natum plorans, & tristia pectora plangens  
 Vocales luctum montes resonare docebo.  
 Plura fui dictura, dolor sed verba repressit;

At lacrymæ & gemitus habuêrunt pondera vocis.

Motus erat tandem questu, sedemque virentem  
 Liquit, & aërii descendit vertice montis  
 Ad Shunam tendens, propero via longaque curfu  
 Correpta optatas oculis mox obtulit arces ;  
 Ad portam nobis sese dedit obviuſ altam  
 Regrediens servus: pallentes plumbeus artus  
 Mortis adhuc pueri tenuit sopor, intima donec  
 Fatidicus miseri intravit penetralia tecti.

Multa animo volvens juxta stetit ille cadaver,  
 Lugentesque seorsum excedere jussit amicos ;  
 Deinde preces fundens afflavit lumine cassum  
 Corpus, & extemplo distendit flamine venas  
 Purpureo sanguis, vitalem membra vigorem  
 Senferunt, victum cessitque ignobile lethum.  
 Sic cædi invigilans balantis ab ubere matris  
 Quando agnum lupo eripuit, ferus ore cruento  
 Dilacerat; sed si venientem forsitan audit

Pastorem,

Pastorem, indignans, tamen actus linquere prædam,  
Præcipitatque fugam, completque ululatus agros.

Nunc vates cupidis dat natum amplectier ulnis,  
Cui mage purpureo vultus rubuere colore,  
Atque oculi plusquam solito fulgore micabant.  
Non aliter quam cum Phœbus, fulgente coruscum  
Qui vehit axe diem, tegitur caliginis umbrâ ;  
Cum primo auricomum tenebris caput exeat atris  
Splendidus vibrat iubar, aut vibrare videtur.

Definit hic matrona loqui, numerosaque turba  
Respondens junctis sic claudit vocibus hymnum :  
Armipotens Deus ! Imperii quam dirigit æquâ  
Fræna manu, vitamque viris vel funera misces !  
Te globus immensus Terræ, te lucida summi  
Regna poli agnoscunt Dominum ; tuo inclyte mundi  
Sol Decus ætherei qui complex lumine cælum,  
Redde Deo laudes, cum gurgite furgis Eoo,  
Hesperio & rutilos cum mergis in æquore currus.

Tu

Tu noctis Regina argentea Luna, minores  
 Vosque Ignes qui luce aspergitis aëris amplos  
 Cærulei tractus, vos O campique liquentes  
 Marmoris æquorei, Regem laudate Jehovah,  
 Horrida flammanti torquentem fulmina dextrâ.  
 Vos fontes, amnes vitrei, & vaga flumina cursus  
 Finditis ut liquidos, meritas perfolvite laudes.  
 Vos omnes, densæ nebulæ pluviiue vapores  
 Surgentes laudate Deum, laudate cadentes.  
 At vos, Ifacidæ, pleno qui ducitis hauſtu  
 Dulcia dona Dei, & toties miracula magna  
 Vidistis, celebrate perenni nomen honore.

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P A R S T E R T I I C A P I T I S P r o p h e t æ  
H A B A K K U K.

**F**ulgore cinctus terribili Deus  
Teman relinquens, & Paran arduum,  
Complevit orbem dignitate  
Et liquidi spatia ampla cœli;

Mors multiformis prævolat, & lues.  
Horrenda, morborum agmine lurido  
Stipatus incedit; voraces  
Sub pedibus glomerantur ignes.

Emensus orbem luminibus, gravem  
Mundi timorem gentibus incutit:  
In plana subfedêre colles,  
Et refugi tremuêre montes.

**Magno.**

## Ad AMICUM.

*C*AROL E, dispeream si fit mihi gratior ulla  
 Litera, quam vestrâ charta notata manu ;  
 Quò magè perlegi, magè delectavit ocellos,  
 Sed te plus nimio conqueror esse brevem ;  
 Copia verborum multò jucundior esset,  
 O malè deliciis invidiose meis !  
 Tristitia si quæras cur sint mihi carmina cordi ;  
 Conveniunt forti carmina mæsta meæ.  
 Qualis in Exilium Romanis actus ab oris  
 Flebilibus lufit Naso poëta modis,  
 Qualiter aut flevit crudelem questus amicam,  
 Fugit ut amplexus dura Corinna suos ;  
 Lugubris absentes sic plorat Musa sodales,  
 Sic trahit infauftam tardior hora diem ;  
 Non aures mulcent arguti ad vina lepores,  
 Non jacet in cupido blandula nympha finu ;  
 Hinc curæ accedunt, hinc furgit origo doloris ;  
 At nostri supereft altera causa mali :

Annua vicini celebrabant festa coloni,  
 Ornabat dubias rustica pompa dapes,  
 Ruricolæ venêre viri, venêre puellæ,  
 Edidit & gracilem tibia flata sonum.  
 Unica de multis perstrinxit lumina nymphis,  
 Me mihi purpureæ furripuêre genæ ;  
 Qualiter umbrosis incedit montibus Hæmi  
 Virgineo Dryadum Delia cincta choro,  
 Lascivis præbet vestem diffundere ventis,  
 Ludunt ambrosiæ colla per alba comæ.  
 Haud secus hæc motu nymphas supereminet omnes,  
 Et roseo placidam spirat ab ore necem.  
 Fervebant Paphiâ concurrere membra palæstrâ,  
 Offa repentinus tangit & ima calor ;  
 Dixi blanditias, dixi mollissima verba,  
 Sed manet irato furdior Illa mari ;  
 O ! si casta minùs, minùs aut formosa fuisset,  
 Sprevissem Cyprii spicula vana Dei.  
 Ut pellam curas, & fallam tædia vitæ  
 Jam propero Aonias follicitare Deas,



Quid facis, infœlix? pergis dare vela procellis?

Adversis demens fluctibus ire paras?

Incaffum tentas dispergere nubila fortis,

Tanto erit haud præfens mufa medela malo.

Stamine quàm nigro ducunt mea fila sorores!

Hei mihi, quàm misero vita tenore fluit!

*Oxonium* peterem, sed Tonfor, Sartor, & Hofpes

Nomina funt ipfo penè temenda fono.

Tu fieres longi, cariffime, meta doloris,

Aspera fed mihi te, me tibi fata negant.

Non femper rutilos obfcurant nubila cœlos,

Non femper tumidis volvitur æquor aquis,

Haud aliter mutet vultus fortuna feveros,

Et veniat votis mollior aura meis.

Sed donec mihi te reddat felicior hora,

Hinc eat & redeat mutua charta. Vale.

Ad

Ad JOANNEM G — s — NUM, Equitem.

**P**ellicum, *G—f—ne*, animosus hostis,  
Per minus castas Druriæ tabernas

Lenis incedens abeas Diones

Æquus Alumnis

Nuper (ah dictu miserum!) *Olivera*

Flevit ereptas viduata mæchas,

Quas tuum vidit genibus minores

Ante tribunal.

Dure, cur tantâ in Veneris ministras

Æstuas ira? posito furore

Huc ades, multâ & prece te vocantem

Gratior audi!

Nonne fat mæchas malè feriatas

Urget infestis fera fors procellis?

Adderis quid tu ulterior puellis

Causâ doloris?

Incolunt cheu! thalamos supernos,

Nota quæ sedes fuerat Poëtis;

Nec

Nec domum argento gravis ut solebat

Dextra revertit.

Nympha quæ nuper nituit theatro  
Nunc stat obscuro misera angiportu,  
Supplici vellens tunicam rogatque

Voce Lyæum.

Te voco rebus Druriæ ruentis ;  
Voce communi Britonum Juventus  
Te vocat, nunc ô ! dare te benignum

Incipe votis.

Singulum tunc dona feret lupanar :  
Liberum mittet *Rosa* Lusitanum,  
Gallici *Haywarda* & generosa mittet

Munera Bacchi ;

Sive te forsan moveat libido,  
Aridis pellex requiescet ulnis  
Callida effætas renovare lento

Verbere vires.

Ad

## Ad AMICUM.

QUA potior fanus tibi, *Carole*, mitto salutem;  
Sed præter solitum te tacuisse queror :

Cynthia decrevit, lucemque coegit in orbem,

Nec venit ad nostras litera lenta manus.

Quæ legis ex illis scribo, carissime, campis

Quos \* *Ninus* placidis lambit amænus aquis.

Aspice ut Autumnus ridentem temperat annum.

Effundens pleno munera larga sinu ;

Mitior æstivâ, brumali mitior aurâ,

Ut nimis hæc friget, sic nimis illa calet..

Luxuriat roseis vindemia læta racemis,

Nectareoque tumet pensilis uva mero.

Tempora maturant fructus, & poma coloni

Frugiferæ carpunt aurea dona Deæ.

Agricolæ dociles ducunt ad aratra juvencos,

Et dant fecundo femina flava solo.

\* Fluvius in comitatu Northampt.

Phœbus ut exoriens perfundit lumine cœlum

Venator volucres cogit in arva canes.

Piscibus infidior vitrei stans margine rivi,

Dum lenis tremulo murmurat aura sono.

Grandia Mœonii miror modo carmina Cygni,

Ut struxit proprium perfida Troja rogam ;

Ardentesque duces, & pingues sanguine campos,

Et video hostiles bella movere Deos.

Quem non mellitæ tangit facundia linguæ

Dum ciet Argolicas Nestor ad arma manus ?

Quantus Achilleis fulget Patroclus in armis

Dum vibrat Lycio tela tremenda duci !

Pars nulla immensi ridet mihi gratior orbis,

Non habet angellum terra Britanna parem ;

O Cereri & Baccho tellus carissima ! fruges

Prodigus haud parcâ spargit uterque manu :

Optima Campano non cedit vitis Iaccho,

Certat & Hesperio nobilis Alla mero.

Hæc plaga formosis splendet ditissima nymphis,

Et superat Paphiæ regna beata Deæ ;

Singula

Singula quot nitidis exultat villa puellis !

Quàm patet in nostros Area lata modos !

Gaudia quantumvis mihi fundere rura videntur,

Delicii fine te debilis umbra manet.

Quando erit ut videam caros dilecte sodales ?

O mihi Theseâ pectora juncta fide !

Optatum ad portum me mollior aura reducet,

Et spero faciles in mea vota Deos ;

Sed nunc mandato claudetur Epistola parvo :

Sis nostri memor, ut sum memor Ipse Tui.

E

Ad

Ad GALLUM.

**S**I nimis longum tacui, Sodalis  
Care, concedas veniam roganti,  
Perlegas vultuque parum severo

Carmen amici.

Ore feu fumum placidum Tabacci  
Accipis, reddisque, humilis vel Allæ  
Aridas frondes Logicæ rigantis

Pocula fumis,

Linque si possis tubulum scyphumque,  
Linque si possis comites jocosos,  
Et vaca paulum metricâ ligatis

Compede nugis.

Rustici nuper (quod ad umbilicum  
Duxerant messëm) Cereri litabant,  
Sedula & lautis epulis parabat

Villica mensas ;

Captus.

Captus agrestis novitate moris  
Ad dapes veni dubias vocatus,  
Ebibique Allæ calices biennis

Lege solutos.

Armiger Zytho riguus potenti  
Ruētibus voces mutilat, jocosque  
Amputans, lassas stolido cachinno

Vulnerat aures ;

Majus haud monstrum generatur Illo,  
Nec viget quicquam simile aut secundum,  
Plumbeo cui præ catulis equisque

Omnia fordent.

Sicco abhinc fluxit mihi vita curfu :  
Tu rigas plenis Cyathis amicos,  
Blandulâ aut quæris vacuus puellâ

Fallere noctem.

Sobrio & præter solitum pudico  
Machinâ mî non opus est amicâ,  
Horreo nec quos malefana sparget

Nympha calores.



Pellice & vino careo ; sed ufus  
Iſta me ferre edocuit, jubetque  
Gaudio ſolari animum priori,

Speque futuri.

Ad AMICUM cum JOANNIS SECUNDI  
O P E R I B U S.

**C**Armina quæ luſit plectro levioſe *Secundus*  
Exiguum noſtri pignus amoris habe ;  
Lumine percurras facili quem Zoilus Ipſe  
Vix neget antiquis vatibus eſſe parem ;  
In quo Naſonis redivivi Muſa reſurgit  
Pandit ut Idaliæ myſtica ſacra Deæ ;  
Phœbeos, Cypriosque ambo ſenſere calores,  
Deperiêre pares, & cecinêre pares ;  
Julia ſuccendit natum Sulmone poëtam,  
Torruit Hagenſem Julia pulcra virum ;

Belgica

Belgica Romanæ non cedit Julia nymphæ,  
 Nec cedis vati, dive Secunde, suo.  
 Julia digna tuis, etiamque indigna Camænis,  
 Julia candidior, frigidiorque nive !  
 Quis non afficitur, cui non est causa dolendi,  
 Cum jacet alterius dura puella sinu ?  
 Quis tamen afficitur, vel cui sit causa dolendi,  
 Sevitiæ relegit dum monimenta suæ ?  
 Candida mox vicit juvenem Venerilla poetam  
 Languidulis oculis, aureolisque comis ;  
 Omnibus in vestras placuerunt carmine laudes,  
 Cur tibi cui voluit non, Venerilla, placent ?  
 Salvete æternum Dominæ sacrata Neæræ  
 Bafia, Acidalii numine plena Dei !  
 Bafia, perfusi Cythereo nectare versus !  
 Bafia vel Cypriæ digna placere Deæ !  
 Incedis Paphiâ religatus tempora myrto,  
 Et colis Elyfias, Umbra beata, plagas ;  
 Ecce ! tibi vates assurgunt, Naso, Tibullus,  
 Et Flaccus Lyrici gloria magna Chori.

Te focium accipiunt, videórque audire catervám

Unanimi tales edere voce fonos :

Hic vir hic est carus Phœbo, Venerisque sacerdos,

Qui cecinit Gnidiaë basia dona Deæ ;

O felix Juvenis ; cape præmia carmine digna,

Sisque inter Vates primus, ut Illa Deas.

## Ad S E X T U M.

**D**IVA lascivi genetrix a moris  
*Druriam* liquit modò multùm amatam,

Et *Coventino* propiore curâ

Præsidet Horto ;

Liquit *Howardæ* thalamum protervæ,

*Talbotæ* liquit penetræle tecti,

Seque jam *Coxæ* Venus in decoram

Transtulit ædem ;

Regnat

Regnat hîc luxu insolito, hîc ruinæ  
 Confluit pubes studiosa, mœchi  
 Hîc eunt crebri redeuntque, & odit

Janua limen.

Clarior clarâ meretrix Philippâ  
 Sub jugum victas juvenum catervas  
 Mifit, & scortis agit invidendum

*Coxa* triumphum;

Faufa præ cunctis, cupidis virentes  
 Quam foveant ulnis Juvenes: fenilis  
*Graya* dum Civis ciet impotentem

Verbere penem.

Fifa fed cœlo & Zephyro fecundo  
 Latiùs vela haud metuens procellæ  
 Explicat, fperat placidumque femper

Credula pontum;

Mox frement venti, exitioque fœti  
 Ingruent fluctus, scopuli patebunt  
 Abditi, & mergent fragilem æstuosa

Æquora puppim.

*Gilla*

*Gilla* venalis stat in angiportu ;  
*Brookia Howardæ* celebrat culinam  
 Nocte pertendens riguis Iaccho

Retia mœchis.

*Hooper* obscœnas pedes it tabernas ;  
 Dura paupertas malè *Morrisfonas*  
 Opprimit, mœchas sub inauspicato

Sydere natas.

*Browniæ* splendorem hebetavit ætas ;  
*Carlesfis* turpis macies decentem  
 Occupat vultum, parilem dabitque

*Coxa* ruinam.

Integram ferva ante alias amatam  
*Sylviam*, & famam vigili tuère  
 Numine, huic primo, Venus, huic supremo

Annue Voto !

Præbeas si te facilem vocanti  
 Te colam, Diva, assiduus, sequarque  
 Te metûs expers, & inibo vestra

Prælia inermis.

Ir-

Irritas sed quid juvat obferatis  
Auribus futire preces ? subibit  
Pellicis (fera ah fubeat ! ) dolendam

Sylvia fortem.

Cum nihil certi stabilifve Parcæ  
Invidæ humanæ tribuêre genti,  
Expedit Divum colere explicatâ

Fronte Lyæum.

Hanc mihi normam pofuifti, in hâc te  
Affequar, dilectæ, libens, tuoque  
Eluam exemplo tetricas Oportæ

Æquore curas.

F

Ad



## Ad S E X T U M.

**Q**ualis Thracias exul damnatus ad oras,  
 Vel riget æterno quâ Nova Zembla gelu,  
 Innectit causasque moræ, lacrymisque rigatus  
 Enumerat liquidæ tædia longa viæ,  
 Dumque ratis vehitur spatiosa per æquora ponti,  
 Respicit ad patrii littora cara foli;  
 Tendebam tali depressus pectora luctu  
 Ad loca deliciis invidiosa meis,  
 Qua non purpurei delectant munera Bacchi,  
 Qua non Idaliæ dulcia dona Deæ.  
 Tunc animum absentes focii subiêre, meroque  
 Irrigui rifus, ambiguique fales,  
 Et semper faciles in amoris furta puellæ,  
 Et Lunæ signo conspicienda domus;  
 Mox ruit in mentem qualis sese ore ferebat  
*Sylvia*, dum jacui captus amore finu,

Brachia

Brachia dum circumque dedi, veneresque pererrans

Fixi molliculis oscula mille genis,

Qui titillantes repsêre per ossa calores

Mentula dum gratum cœpit amoris opus !

Gaudia dum placido jacui languore solutus

Fingere vix animus, pingere Musa nequit.

*Sylvia*, druricolas inter pulcherrima nymphas !

*Sylvia* lascivi gloria prima chori !

Quando iterum tepidos liceat penetrare recessus ?

Quando iterum roseo basia ab ore bibam ?

Basia quæ gelidam poterint renovare senectam !

Basia amatori digna placere Jovi !

Quid mihi si teneat Civem *Bartona* catenis

In coitu crebras docta movere nates ?

Quid mihi si lascivâ *Antonia* polleat arte,

Calleat & Venerem sollicitare manu ?

Non mihi sunt cordi— me *Sylvia* sola perurit

Languidulis oculis, lacteoloque sinu.

Excitat, & nostras potis est restinguere flammâs,

Et Peni vires Illa dat, Illa rapit.



Nunc mala fors faustis nimis, ah ! nimis invida rebus

Me gremio avulfit, *Sylvia* pulcra, tuo ;

Quàm malè sustinui discedens dicere longùm

Cara vale, longùm *Sylvia* cara vale !

Conjuge vix gemit curis propioribus Orpheus

Raptâ iterum ad Stygii lurida regna Dei.

Innumeri luctus tardant mihi temporis alas,

Et mentem nigro pondere cura premit.

Rure morans quid agam ? latet alto pectore vulnus ;

Nascitur haud nostris rure medela malis ;

Hic uno repenti & eodem tramite furgit

Nil veniente die, nil abeunte, novi.

Diverſo longe properant tibi tempora curſu,

Singula delicias exhibet hora novas :

Nocte *Rosam* celebras hilari comitante catervâ,

Et te das fociis, triftitiamque notis ;

Præ cunctis caræ libas de more puellæ

Munera Cornigeri nobiliora Dei.

Forſitan Italici te ludicra pompa theatri,

Scenæ, verſiculi rerum inopesque juvant,

Or-

Orchestrâque fedes, delectatâque canoros  
 Semiviri modulos combibis aure Chori,  
 Dum Reges pereunt Cygnorum more canentes,  
 Tibia & imbelles inflat ad arma manus.  
 Cum solitus fuadet vigor & tentiginis æstus,  
 Sub signo Cypriæ bella movere Deæ,  
 Aut animam niveis *Catharinæ* effundis in ulnis,  
 Aut te molliculo mulcet *Eliza* finu.  
 Scire cohors quid agit Veneri devota laboro;  
 (Vix te de genere hoc ulla latere puto).  
 Fertilis an mœchas misit JUVENA recentes?  
 Sana quid ad præfens Scorta lupanar habet?  
 Quæsitæ floretne tenax *Antonia* palmæ?  
 Pellacine sedet pristinus ore decor?  
 An Juvenem flammâ dignum meliore perurit  
 Haud Oculis facies infidiosa meis?  
 Dic, quali regnat pompâ REGINA CORINTHI,  
 Et quos jam lactat luxuriosa procos;  
 An gemmis magè quàm formâ spectanda theatro,  
 Fulget adhuc nitidi publica cura Chori?

Postremum.

Postremùm liceat de te mihi pauca rogare :

Quæ jam venali Laïs amore capit ?

Congrederisne ferox Penem circumdatus armis,

An ruis Idaliæ nudus ad acta Deæ ?

An pellex malefana accendit in Inguine flammæ,

Et pateris telo vulnera facta tuo ?

Sed te (ni fallor) fecêre pericula cautum,

Et toties passum spero carere malis.

Quot tecum noctes vinoque jocisque dicavi !

Heu ! meminisse piget, dum meminisse juvat ;

Te mœsto quamvis mala fors sejunxit amico,

Solvere amicitiaë vincula firma nequit.

Concelebres alio si terras sole calentes,

Te nulla ex animo deleat hora meo.

Accipe vota precor (mihi nil nisi vota supersunt)

Det fortuna tibi quod mihi dura negat ;

Liber & alma Venus tibi dona perennia fundant,

Et fallat noctem Diva, Deusque diem.

Ad

Ad S E X T U M.

**D**UM frequens cultor Veneris, puellas  
 Insequens circum nemora uvidique  
 Marginem Cami, Paphiâ fatigas

Membra palæstrâ ;

Ipsè furtivos meditans amores  
 Inguine erecto & tenui crumenâ  
 Noctè sublustri peto KIDNIENSEM

Fervidus Aulam ;

Aut coronatis Genio culullis  
 Serus indulgens celebros tabernas,  
 Me nec, & luscum, poterit Falerni

Fallere testa.

Sed parùm arguti sapiunt fodales,  
 Indicæ languet sapor omnis herbæ,  
 Et minùs gratum est sine te jocosè

Munus Iacchi.

O mihi

O mihi irrupto fociate amoris  
Vinculo, cum quo Cypriæ secutus  
Signa fum matris, roseique cum quo

Signa Lyæi !

Quando erit Grantam ut videam tenentem  
Te mei partem haud minimam, meroque  
Quando erit tecum ut liceat morantem

Frangere noctem ?

Interim (quamvis mihi te negarint,  
Me tibi, Parcæ) regione nostrâ  
Missilis quicquid novitatis extat

Charta docebit :

*Poola* (ni mendax mihi falsa narrat  
Fama) non pridem laqueo Tyburni  
Pendula læsa est malè se secuto ex

Arbore collum.

*Henlia* absentem sine fine *Rufum*  
Luget, & mœcho haud alio calebit,  
Curam acu fallit, Venerisque dudum

Castra reliquit ;

Sic

Sic (ut antiqui cecinere vates)

Flevit ereptum viduata Ulyssēm

Sponsa, percurrrens minuitque luctus

Pectine telam.

Eftne cui cedat meretrix apud vos

Fama *Cowellæ* ? Paphiæne matris

Noverit BARNWELLA fideliozem

Vestra miniftram ?

Callidè in portum refupina amoris

Dirigit Penem, hìc Gnidiæ litamus

Fervidi Divæ, & vetus ara multo

Fumat odore.

Jam ferè longo fatiata ludo

Otium pofcit Juvenes ; gravefcit,

Et tui pars, ut perhibet, tumentì

Conditur alvo.

Alma mox prolem dubiam daturæ

Diva fis præfens genitalis, acres

Mitiga planctus, hebetaque duri

Spicula fati !

G

Nafcere

Nascere optata ô soboles! sequaris  
Si puer, mores patris, at puellam  
Si velint Parcæ, Cytherea matris

Imbuat arte.

Ad HENRICUM.

**N**ympha Coventini quæ gloria fulserat Horti,  
Cui vix vidisset Druria vestra parem,  
Exul, inops, liquit proprios miseranda Penates,  
Fortunæ extremas sustinuitque vices,  
Nunc trahit infauftam tenebroso in carcere vitam,  
Et levat insolito mollia membra toro.  
*Carlesfis*, ah! quantum, quantum mutaris ab Illâ  
*Carlese*, quæ Veneris maxima cura fuit!

Æde

Æde tuâ risêre olim Charitesque Jocique,

Hic fuerant Paphiæ currus & arma Deæ ;

Arsêrunt Cives, arsit Judæus Apella,

Et te bellorum deperiêre chori.

Jam fordes pallensque genas, & flaccida mammas,

Non oculi, quondam qui micuere, micant.

Heu ubi formosæ referentes lilia malæ !

Labra ubi purpureis quæ rubuêre rosas !

Te puer Idalius, te fastiditque juvenus

Tam marcescentem, dissimilemque tui.

Siccine tam fidam curas Erycina ministram ?

Hæccine militiæ præmia digna tuæ ?

O Venus ! ô nimium nimiumque oblita tuarum !

*Carlesis* an meruit fortis acerba pati ?

Quæ posthâc arisve tuis imponet honorem,

Ardebit posthâc vel tua Castra sequi ?

Omnigenas æquo circumspice lumine mœchas.

Quas tua pellicibus Druria dives alit,

Quæ cellas habitant, vicos peditesve peragrant,

Aut quæ Wappinios incoluêre Lares ;



Invenienda fuit nusquam lascivior, artûs  
 Mobilior, sacris vel magis apta tuis.  
*Carleſis* ah noſtris & flenda & fleta Camænis !  
 Accedat veſtris nulla medela malis ?  
 Te vereor miſeram fortuna tenaciter anget,  
 Nec veniet rebus mollior aura tuis.  
 Eſt tibi (ſitque precor) pellex, *Henrice*, viſcens  
 Quæ te primævâ ſimplicitate capit ;  
 Sera Illi teneræ langueſcat gratia formæ,  
 Vita Illi curſu candidiore fluat,  
 Coniuge ſit Batavo felix, tutuſque fruaris  
 Aurea dum craſſâ Cornua fronte gerit.

Ad

Ad BACCHUM.

**D**IVE Thebanæ foboles puellæ  
 Mixta quem mater peperit Tonante,  
 Dive qui vinclo metuente solvi

Nectis amicos !

Nubilas præfens remove curas  
 Porrigis frontem minùs explicatam,  
 Et Dionæis agitata mulces

Pectora telis ;

Linque Campanos Siculoſque colles,  
 Linque Nutricis juga celfa Nyfæ,  
 Et meum comple, Deus alme, toto

Numine pectus !

Me puer longùm Veneris marinæ  
 Spiculis urgens cruciavit, adſis  
 Lætus, & foelix miſerêre noſtri,

Dive, laboris !

Igne

Ignē (nī falsum cecinēre vates)  
Ipse mortali caluisse quondam  
Diceris, nec te puduit decorā

Virgine vinci :

Atticas quando spoliis onustus  
Victor Ægides reparavit oras,  
Vela diffundens nimium secundo

Turgida vento :

Sola desertis Ariadna terris  
Multa de falso doluit marito,  
Et percussio sonuere Naxi

Littora planctu ;

Tu capistratis rediens ab Indis  
Tigribus vectus, viridique cinctus  
Pampino crines, placidā bibisti

Aure querelas.

Mox ubi nympham lacrymis venustam  
Videras, ictus caluisti amore,  
Et ~~parce~~ sensim subiēre nymphæ

Pectora flammæ.

Adfuit

Adfuit ridens, Erycina, puris  
 Tuque cum tædis, Hymenæe, testes  
 Igne quàm fido colis Ipse nuptam,

Nupta maritum.

Dulcia experte ô fine felle amoris  
 Jam fave, Lenæe pater, vocanti;  
 Et fuga sævum nimis ulcerofo

Corde Tyrannum !

Tum tuo gratus meditans honores  
 Numini haud parcos calices litabo,  
 Luce dum Sol exoriens rubentem

Pingit Olympum ;

Cumque mî pectus calet, altiori  
 Te canam plectro, numeros puellæ  
 Lesbiæ, vel dulce sequens Sabini

Carmen Oloris.

Ad

Ad CAROLUM W——.

**A**TRA curarum minuens Geneva  
Occidit duro nimium statuto  
Pellici & Vati malè confulentis

Parliamenti :

Utilis mœchæ fuit & Poëtæ ;  
Sprevit hinc Vates Dolopum catervas,  
Mœcha *Gonfomum* tetricâ minantem

Fronte laborem.

Solvitur justas Druria in querelas,  
Per Coventini spatia ampla & Horti  
Plangor auditur, gemitusque tunfa &

Pectora palmis.

*Talbotam* fortuna premet ; relinquent  
*Carlefis* quondam miseræ Penates  
*Douglasæ* & *Johnson* duo pervicacis

Fulmina linguæ.

Penna

*Penna* inornatis queritur capillis ;

Se super caro dolet esse fucco

*Hilla*, *Plumarum* cyathisque versis

Hospita mœret.

Pellicum grata ô ! superis & imis,

Jam vale longumque vale inter omnes

Eminens succos, veluti Pedestres

*Fanny* puellas ;

Dulce *Plumarum* decus & columna,

*Fanny*, seu *Brimstona* probas vocari !

Impudens, apta & Veneri, & jocofo

Apta Lyæo.

Suave *Grubæi* doluere Cygni,

Dulce tam fudêre melos canentes,

Ut forent Ipfi moribundi acerbâ

Morte Genevæ.

O vitro fons splendidior Poefis !

Tu dabas Ignemque animumque Vati,

Tu dabas facros, pereunſque tolles

Mente furores.

H

Quis

Quis chori nunc Pierii superstes  
 Flebit absentem Laribus Britannis  
 ———, dum gens patienter audit

Fœminæ habenas ?

Quis simul liquit Batavûm Penates  
 Vota Neptuno pia fundet ? almam  
 Quis Thetin pinget vigili tuentem

Numine puppim ?

Quis canet Regem litui tubæque  
 Ludicra & ficti simulacra belli  
 Quem juvant, stat dum innocuas tremendus

Ante Cohortes ?

Albion quam confiliis *Roberti*  
 Floret ! en ! ut pacificis *Horati*  
 Artibus Mavors agitur beatis

Finibus Exul.

Aureum genti redit en ! Britannæ  
 Sæculum ; tuti volitant per æquor,  
 Nec truces nostri metuunt ut olim

Navitæ Iberos.

Quis

Quis Lyræ pollens patiensque Phœbi  
 Posteris hæc ancipiti legenda  
 Det fide ? vani procul exulate

Mente timores :

*Gibber* en ! grato supereft labori,  
 Carus argutæ Fidicen Thaliæ,  
 Lucidum nostræ columenque, spesque

Unica laurus.

Concinet majore Poëta plectro  
 ———, quandoque calens furore  
 Gestiet circa thalamum ferire

Calce galerum ;

Concinet faustos Britonas, capacem  
 Confiliâ mentem *Carolinæ*, *Iulium*  
 Martium, at patrem minimè sequentem

Passibus æquis.

Cum premet gesta & *Gulielmi*, & *Annæ*,  
 Invidis ætas tenebris, Camænam  
*Collii*, nostra & pariter stupebunt

Sæcla Nepotes.



*Roberts* will curse all Whores, nor spare e'en *Carter*,  
 From worn-out *Careless* to fair *Kitty Walker* ;  
*Aspiring Antony* will drop her Crest,  
 And condescend for Shillings to be blest'd.  
 Thus when bright *Venus* glides along the Sky,  
 Celestial Beauties from Her Presence fly,  
 Immortal Deities Her Charms adore,  
 And own with Envy Her superior Power.

Let the Fair Sex, whom peevish Honour calls  
 To guard their Virtue in Enchanted Walls,  
 From Her Example learn: When Nature gave  
 Pride to command, and Beauty to enslave,  
 She never meant it like the Miser's Store,  
 To keep in Plenty the Possessors poor ;  
 But let their Charms shine o'er the conquer'd Ball,  
 And be Ador'd, Enjoy'd, and Lov'd by All.

When thus apply'd, to whomfoe'er 'tis given,  
 Beauty's the Blessing, else the Curse of Heaven.

In Obitum ELIZABETHÆ CLOSE,  
Salacis Memorix.

**D**E C U S Puellarum & Juvenum dolor  
Me, *Clofa*, poscis tendere barbiton,  
Manesque carmen luctuosum  
Sollicitant pretiosiores.  
Ministra Divæ sedula Cypriæ  
Heu ! *Clofa*, vitæ in limine concidis,  
Libido cui famam perennem  
Idaliâ peperit palæstrâ.  
Jaces feretro frigida, pallida,  
Sed morte in ipsâ lubrica conspici ;  
O præcoci direpta fato !  
O Paphio magis apta ludo !  
Videre flentem jam videor comis  
Passis Ministram, jam manibus piis  
Cadaver ornantem cupressi  
Fronde nigrâ, fragilique myrto.

**Amoris**

Amoris olim ô! prodiga, & abstinens

Ducentis ad se cuncta pecuniæ!

O mentis, ignotus puellis

Druricolis, Generosus Ardor!

O! si Senator, si similis tui

Aurum irretorto lumine viderat,

Non gens doleret pressa, rerum &

Candidior remearet ordo.

Vitale flumen dum roseâ genas

Pinxit juventâ, pulcrior in tuos

Vix ivit amplexus, Adoni,

Idaliis Erycina lucis.

Vultu benigno dum tibi riserit

Fortuna, dum te sollicita ambiit

Pubes, & exultans catenis

Molliculis requievit ulnis;

*Bartona* non te clarior extitit;

Non floruit te *Coxa* beatior

Quanquam Coventinum per Hortum

Egit Equos volucremque currum;

Quæ

Quæ nunc decenni trita libidine  
Tandem recumbit Conjugis in sinu ;

Feliciorem te fed atro

Styx novies cohibet fluento.

Heu ! cogit omnes dura necessitas :

Formosa multi nominis occidit

*Clevelanda*, nec *Gwymæ* valebat

Angliaco placuisse Regi.

Merfa est acerbo funere sanguinis

*Vanella* clari, nec grave spiculum

Averteret fati Machaon,

Nec madido *F——* Ore.

Atqui priorum nunc meretricibus

Te, *Glofa*, misces temporum, & Angliam

Ostendis almam matrem Amoris

Posthabitâ coluisse Cypro ;

Te Laïs olim nobilis, invido

Te nata Ledâ lumine conspicit,

Te summa formâ, summa sceptro

Niliaci Cleopatra regni.

Te sæpe sanam, semper amabilem

Morti vetabit cedere Pieris,

Sed fleta, sed secura famæ

Per Juvenum volitabis ora.

I, clara pellex, utere honoribus !

I, clara pellex, sat tibi vixeris !

*Haywarda* te flet, te fidelis

*Beswicius* Veneris sacerdos.

O umbra felix ! temne volubilis

Jam tuta fortis nubila, Druriæ

Morbosque spectans & dolores

Elysiis miserere Campis.

Ad

## Ad THOMAM F-----.

**O** S Æ P E mecum sollicitudines  
 Mulcens Lyæi munere candidi  
 Bacchate donec sol refurgens  
 Æthereis radiabat arvis,  
*Thoma* meorum prime sodalium !  
 Ex quo relictis non bene poculis  
 Arcebar à Grantâ feroces  
 Myrmidonum fugiens catervas.  
 Fortuna sævo læta negotio  
 Me rure clausit, jam nimium diu !  
 Dum tu revisis multum amatæ  
 Fumum, & opes, strepitumque Romæ  
 Jam forte felix, quærere distuli  
 Quo more fallis tempora, nam reor  
 Te non inertem, five fontes  
 Pieriæ studiosus artis

Sanctos recludis, seu Genium mero  
Curas fodales inter amabiles,

Seu te virentem fuadet æstus

Idalias iterare pugnās.

Fortuna si nunc ridet amicior,

Condat nitentem mox nebulis diem ;

Mortalis ævi horæque pennâ

Aufugiunt trepidante solvi.

Ergo caducæ quisquis erit color

Vitæ, benignâ munera seu manu

Fortuna fundat, seu malignâ

Quæ dederit rapiat ; dolores

Donis Lyæi pellere Gallici

Memento, sed si difficilis negat

Crumena, succum Lusitanæ

Purpureum bibe gratus uvæ.

Nec herba deficit clarus ab ultimis

Vati *Ralæus* quam bene consulens

Deduxit Indis, Ipse Vates,

Castaliæ decus Ipse turbæ ;

Mufis,

Mufis, jocofo caraque Libero  
 O Herba falve ! Carmine nobili  
 Cantata *Thorî*, largè Apollo  
 Quem geminâ decoravit arte.

---

Ad G O T H O F R E D U M C-----.

**R**Ectius vivit, *Gothofrede*, nympham  
 Qui videt formofam oculo irretorto,  
 Corda qui geftat Veneris domari

Nefcia telis ;

Ille fecurus rofeam videri  
 Spectet *Howardam*, facileſve rifus  
*Browniæ*, vel te, *Catharina*, pubis

Cura Britannæ.

Integer (ſi mens eadem fuiſſet)  
*Sylviam* fictâ caluiſſe flammâ  
 Senferam, nec furpuerat mihi me

Fulgor Ocelli ;

Sed



Sed parum cautus perii tuendo ;  
Mutuam linguæque fidem voventis  
Combibi gratum malè fascinatâ

Aure venenum.

Te parens rerum nimio decore  
Prodiga ornavit ; tibi, pulcra pellex,  
Cederet Daphne peramata Phœbo,

Gnosis Iaccho ;

Te fimul pleno, Juvenum, theatro  
Turba, fulsisti, coluit, secuta est  
Te nimis latè Cypriæque matris

Signa ferentem.

Angliâ plures meditans triumphos  
Galliam victâ celebras, timentque  
Jam levem nymphæ tua ne retardet

Aura Juventam.

Sis tamen felix ubicunque vivis !  
Immemor quamvis malefida nostri es,  
Nec Dionæis cruciata curas

Corda fagittis.

Forſitan

Forſitan te nunc viridem puella  
Mutua torret, *Gothofrede*, flammâ,  
Unico gaudens, Paphiæque jam nunc

Cruda palæſtræ ;

Hanc finu mulces nimiûm fideli  
Igne languescens, vacuamque credis  
Fraude, juratos toties timentem &

Fallere Divos ;

Perfidam ſed mox alio calere  
Senties, ventifque fidem dolebis  
Traditam, & mollem vario fugatum

Pectore amorem.

Occupet nomen Juvenis beati  
Qui manet votis precibuſque mœchæ  
Surdior ponto, atque agitante pontum

Surdior Euro.

Fœmina ô ſolâ levitate conſtans !  
Me ſat unius docuère fraudes  
Quàm graves vel ſub placido laterent

Æquore rupes.

Ite

Ite spes blandæ teneræque, dulces  
 Ite languores alimenta flammæ !  
 Non Deo cedam redimire amanti

Tempora myrto ;

Sed furens fuadet quoties libido,  
 Druriæ vel me accipient tabernæ,  
 Aut parúm fanis domus *Oliveræ*

Nota puellis.

Ad

Ad SEXTUM.

**O** QUI frequentes forte beatior  
 Maligna quam mî fata negaverint,  
 Amice, Romam, nocte gaudens  
 Cum Sociis madidis Lyæo !

Quanquam in remotâ parte Britannîæ  
 Me fors locavit, conspicit exerens  
 Se Phæbus undis & recumbens  
 Usque tui memorem & tuorum.

Nunc forte pellex Incola Druriæ  
 Vici fagittam misit ab angulo  
 Victoriæ secura, nigro  
 Crine decens, roseoque vultu ;

Quo te beatum vulnere cogitans  
 Ictus medullas dulce periculum  
 Sectaris, incedens per Ignes  
 Suppositos cineri doloſo.

Parcus Diones cultor & infrequens  
 Libo capaces jam cyathos Deo  
 Cui Nyfa ridet, cui Falernus,  
 Et Siculi placuere colles.

Mox læta fuadent munera perfidæ  
 Oblivionem ducere *Sylvia*,  
 Regina quam fovit Cytheræ  
 Perniciem Juvenum decoram.

Quàm penè Ocelli languor amabilis,  
 Collumque certans Threïcia nive  
 Me victimam duxit volentem  
 Idalias periturum ad aras !

Sed Liber almo numine confulens  
 Periclitanti, me mihi reddidit,  
 Præfens Dionæos calores,  
 Et tetricas remove curas.

Ad

Ad M A C R U M.

**J** A M Granta vanis fat lacrymis dedit,  
 Tenentque mutas jam falices lyras  
 Donata quas nuper ciebat  
 Sera nimis *Carolina* cœlo.

Si mî dedisset Cynthus Ingenî,  
 Regina, vires, alite furgerem,  
 Ferremque virtutes stupendas  
 Perpetuâ super astra famâ.

Te floruerunt te miserabiles  
 Musæ secundâ (credite Posterî)  
 Languens & erexit decoram  
 Religio, tua cura, frontem :

Vates revinctus tempora laureâ,  
 Dulcisque testis fistula *Duckii* ;  
 Doctusque *Præsul Bristolensis*  
 Grande decus columenque mitræ.

Exosa luxum quid tibi profuit  
 Regalium & mens deliciarum egens ?  
 Congesta non auri talenta  
 Multa brevem Dominam sequentur.

Cedis coemptâ Socraticâ domo,  
 Villisque purus quas Thamefis lavit ;  
 Antrumque venalis relinquis  
 Materiam sterilem Camœnæ.

Regina, magnæ fit tamen hoc tui  
 Solamen umbræ : nobilis audies  
 Ecclesiæ tutela, temnens  
 Arbitrium popularis auræ, &

Vindex Minervæ strenua ; quamdiù  
 Cami fluentum Pierides colent,  
 Carmenque *Ducki* per virorum  
 Nobilium volitabit ora.

Rumpent

Rumpent forores flamina luridæ ;

Amice, te mox accipiet ratis

Charontis invisa, & fubibis

Tartareas levis umbra fedes.

Exstructum Avaro quid misero invides

Thesaurum ? inanes quid titulos stupes ?

Mutare nec fati tenorem,

Nec valeant relevare curas.

Non est tuum, si fors furit improba,

Infanienti cedere turbini ;

Innixus at virtute acerbas

Sperne minas ; validum ingruenti

Oppone pectus fortiter æquori ;

Fugata demùm nubila senties,

Fluctus recumbent, & nitebit

Mox radio meliore Phœbus.

Hoc pascere mentem consilio, tui

Potensque vivas forte beatior,

Quam si Tyranni possideres

Divitias operosiores.



*INCERTI AUTHORIS.*

Ad RUFILLUM.

O QUI potenti fortior Hercule  
Nocturna misces prælia ! cui Venus  
Penem fatigari dolentem, &  
Instabiles dedit alma Clunes !

Quæ Thamesis te propter aquas Patris  
Puella dulci jam foveat in Sinu ?

Quæ jam *Rufilli* proruentis  
In Coitum tolerare Pondus

Virago gaudet ? num tibi pinguior  
*Susanna* Pubem fubrigit horridam ?  
An mollis implumem *Mariæ*  
Cunniculum penetrare tentas ?

Nimis

Nimis beatus ! quem neque Gaudia  
 Incæpta Liſtor rumpere geſtiens  
 Perturbat immitis, vetatque  
 Appoſitam tetigiſſe Vulvam.

Deſerta mœret Druria Pellices  
 Raptas ; abactos plus vice ſimplici  
 Greges Puellarum Ipſa flevit  
 Needhamia Veneris Sacerdos ;

Quin & Miniſtras, Diva potens, tuas  
 Clausêre diri Carcere Judices ;  
 Et Cannabem trivêre Palmæ  
 Proh Pudor ! ad meliora natæ.

Puella, grato quæ modo verbere  
 Inguen ciebat non bene pertinax,  
 Haud ludicrum tandem nefandi  
 Carnificis timet Ipſa Flagrum.

Deſerta

Deserta rerum Vulva Parens dolet

\* \* \* \* \*

Hortefque devitat Jacobi,

Et latebras pudibunda quærit.

Ergo furentes irrita Mentulas

Tentigo rumpet? non ita ; nam mihi

Quod Vulva non præbet Levamen,

Dextra dabit facilis petenti.

M E R E-

M E R E T R I C E S   B R I T A N N I C Æ.

**Q** U A M canam, Lenæ Pater, Puellam  
 Galliæ vinis, Cyathifve Oportæ  
 Fervidus, cujus resonent jocosa

Pocula Nomen?

Aut in obfcœnis Druriæ Tabernis,  
 Aut ubi Vico Rofa Bridgienfi  
 Pullulat Nympham temere infequenti

Nota Juventæ,

Arte maternâ rigidæ domantem  
 Mentulæ Vires, agilique Clune  
 Et Manu blandâ elicere intument

Inguine Semen?

Quid prius dicam folitis opimæ  
 Laudibus *Guinnæ*, *Caroli* tremendum  
 Quæ manu penem variifque Sceptrum

Gefferat Horis?

L

Nec

Nec tuæ Noctes Tenebris prementur  
Invidis *Cleveland* ; neque Te filebo  
Præliis audax, metuenda certo

Vulnere *Sally*.

Pellices dicam BATAVAS, potentem hanc  
Parieti obnixis superare Lumbis,  
Hanc Toro, cujus fimul atra Regi

Vulva pateret,

Et Nates Lectum quaterent, Cubile  
Perfidum magno crepuit Fragore  
Ruptum, & ingenti tremuère——

Membra Pavore.

Mox retro cedens agitatus Humor  
Fugit ad sedes pavidus relictas ;  
Et minax (sic Dii voluère) Regis

Cauda recumbit.

*Douglasam*

*Douglasam* post has prius, an quietos  
*Talbotæ* mores memorem, an falaces  
*Browniæ* Fasces, dubito, an *Floidiæ*

Nobile Lethum ;

*Heathias*, *Howam*, nimiumque *Linguæ*  
 Prodigam Vino superante *St. George*  
 Gratus undanti referam culullo,

*Westberiamque.*

Hanc, & incompitis *Loviam* Capillis  
 Utilem Rixæ tulit, atque *Hoperam*  
 Sæva Paupertas dubiique Patris

Tetra Libido.

Crescit occultum Luis ut Venenum  
*Gumliæ* Nomen, micat inter omnes  
 Fama *Dav'nportæ* veluti Tabernas

*Luna* minores.

Alma Scortorum Druriæ Custos  
Orta Neptuno ! tibi Cura pulchræ  
*Carelefis* Fatis data, tu fecundâ

*Carelefe* regnes :

Illa, feu pubem tenuit catenis  
Pulvere albentes humeros amictam,  
Indiæ aut Navis domuit Magistrum

Merce beatum

Te minor nostro dominetur Orbi,  
Læta tu Sedes Paphias revifces,  
Dum tuis Illa Auspiciis Britannum

Subjicit Orbem.

*A. A.* ad *J. K.*, M. D.

E P I T H A L A M I U M.

*K*——, in mendax mihi falsa mittit

Friendus, ex mœcho fieri maritus

Cogeris, partemque agit usitatae

Pellicis Uxor.

Quidni ego læter tibi gratulari

Conjugi Conjux? Ego qui reliqui,

Connubî Causâ, Patriam Domumque ux-

orius Exul.

Dum Sales spargunt lepidi Sodales

Te super vel me, cuperem interesse

Magna pars Risûs; sed ab hoc acerbâ

Lege remotus

Per-



Perfruor dulci alloquio pudicæ  
 Oculis sponſæ placidoque vultu,  
 Nec vidit ſponſum mage amantem amatumvè

Ætherius Sol.

Mille mî præter Paphia in palæſtra  
 Gaudia ; at quod tu ingredière caſtra,  
 Quæ fuit Cauſa ante Helenam duelli,

Unica Cauſa eſt.

Eſtne qui cunctos quot amant Mathefin  
 Inter, ô Ductor Gregis, eſtne qui Te  
 Rectius novit, vel auctiorî

Luftrat Ocello

Siderum Motus ? Tibi ſi qua proles  
 Naſcitur, quicquid minitentur Aſtra,  
 Quid ferant læti, docilis futuri

Ante videbis.

Et

Et tuos si quis Thalamos Adulter  
Scandere optaret, vetet Ars & Æther  
Improbos Aufus, & inermis esto, &

Incolumis Frons.

Quare age, & totis licitè Diebus  
Noctibus totis Veneri litato,  
Nullum opus Sylvæ, aut recubare subter

Tegmina Fœni.

Interim quicquid Vetulæ aut Puellæ  
Garriant, ne te Jecur intus angat :  
Sed domi fistens, ede, lude, pota, &

Temne quod ultra est.

Sis amans Sponsæ, & mea si valent quid

Vota, sis felix : sed iniqua si fors

Dempferit primam ; mora nulla, Sponsam

Sume secundam.

Est,

Eſt (ubi nôſti) bene paſta Virgo,  
Cuilibet ſat par oneri ferendo ;  
Ipſe quam, ſed mî meliora Divi,

Ducere rebar.

Hanc fume, & noſtro ex loculo repente  
Æra bis centum accipies & ultra :  
Sed tali nullum niſi te Procorum

Dote beabo.

*A. A..... J. T..... S.*

**T**E Senatorum Numero inferendum  
Sponte suffragor : Quis enim loquendi  
Artibus pollet magis, aptiorvè est

Condere Leges ?

Sed per immensum Oceanum, & Liquores  
Mille fulcanda est via : multa Fumi  
Nubila erumpent, fluctansque Rivo

Alla perenni.

Quo salutandi Titulo modoque  
Ordines nôsti Procerum, ambiendus  
Quo fit aut Sartor Laniusvè Ritu,

Forte docendus.

M

Dexteram

Dexteram Dextræ, sed onustam inani,  
 Junge, (Res magni!) neque fastuosus  
 Temne nudato Capite ante tectos

Stare Colonos.

Disce Responsum rude, disce Scommma  
 Perpeti, & Plebem stupidè insolentem,  
 Forsque narrantem graviora veris

Crimina de te.

Quos tibi vinum potiorvè Pellex  
 Junxerit, Fratres sapiens adopta ;  
 Sed Patrem ante omnes venerare Brownum,

Brownigenosque.

Proderit multum Jocus, & joculari  
 Scito te, cum das Colaphum, datumvè  
 Sustines gnarè, patuloque tollis

Ore Cachinnum.

Quid

Quid pudens Virgo, quid & impudica  
Expetit, notum tibi sat superque :  
Hæ tibi ad partes (facilis vocatu

Turba !) vocentur.

Basium si fors Anus optat, ah ! ne  
Respuas ; nam quot Vetulæ falaci  
Gaudia impertis, tibi tot rependet

Grata Trineptis.

Hæc Ego vestri studiosus usque  
Commodi raptim Documenta mitto :  
Quid Senatorem decet, ornat, effert,

Post moniturus.



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*To the* A U T H O R, *on the* L A D I E S *Sub-*  
*scription for His* E N G L I S H P O E M S.

**H**OW shall the Muse a grateful Tribute bring,  
Or Numbers worthy of their Favours sing!  
Who touch'd with Pity at a Friend's Distress  
Have, by their Bounty, made his Sorrow less.

Since Blooming Beauties of the *British* Isle  
Will condescend to cast on Wit a Smile,  
Let *Petit-maitres* languish in Despair,  
Nor longer boast the Favours of the Fair.

Now *Shakespear's* Scenes by Modern *Belles* revive,  
And teach the charming Sex with Taste to live ;  
Impartial Reason will Their Actions guide,  
And make each Blushing Maid a Happy Bride.

Gay



Gay Toasts shall learn to flight Embroider'd Beaus,  
And chuse a Husband for his Sense,— not— Cloaths.

In vain mad Poets boast the Sacred Nine,  
Implore their Aid each Sentence to refine,  
Except the Fair their flowing Verse approve,  
And learn from moving Strains the Art of Love.

E'en *Phœbus*' self might with his Lyre unstrung,  
Since *Daphne* wou'd not listen when He sung.

Your Muse has met a more Auspicious Fate,  
To please, tho' sinking under Fortune's Weight ;  
For sure that Book must be secure of Fame,  
Which bears a *Portland's* and a *Darwood's* Name.

T. GILBERT, *A. M. Fellow of*  
*Peter-house in Cambridge.*

*London, Apr. 21, 1738.*

*The Story of ARISTÆUS, Translated from  
the Fourth Georgic of VIRGIL.*

SAD *Aristæus* left fair *Tempe's* Field,  
His Bees (as Fame reports) by Famine kill'd,  
Fast by old *Peneus'* sacred Fount he stood,  
And thus bespake the Daughter of the Flood :  
Mother *Gyrene*, deep whose Dwelling lies  
Beneath these Waves conceal'd from mortal Eyes,  
If (as thou boastest) sprung from Race divine,  
And *Phæbus* be the Author of my Line,  
Why am I thus by adverse Fates oppress'd ?  
Is Love quite banish'd from my Mother's Breast ?  
Why didst thou promise me the bright Abodes,  
And bid me hope to mingle with the Gods ?  
Since thus distress'd I breathe the vital Air,  
In vain my Flocks and Fields engag'd my Care ;  
My Hopes, by Labour rais'd, forlorn I see,  
And mourn my Glory lost, though sprung from thee.

Let

Let loose thy Rage, my Herd with Plagues destroy,  
 With nipping Blasts my tender Fruit annoy,  
 Lay waste my Vineyards, and my Harvests burn,  
 If thus my growing Fame provokes thy Scorn.

*Cyrene* heard, with Nymphs encircl'd round,  
 The Voice of Mourning pierce the vast Profound ;  
 The Wheel employ'd their Hours, each Distaff fraught  
 With purple Wool, from rich *Miletus* brought ;  
*Drymo* and *Xantho*, and *Lygea* fair,  
 And young *Phyllodoce* with flowing Hair,  
*Thalia* blooming, *Spio* bright as Day,  
*Nesæe* soft, *Cymodice* the gay,  
*Cydicpe* and *Lycorias*, one remains  
 A Maid, and one had felt a Mother's Pains,  
*Clio* and *Beroe* both from Ocean sprung,  
 Embroider'd Mantles o'er their Shoulders hung,  
*Opis* the beauteous, *Ephyre* the cold,  
*Deïopeia* graceful to behold,  
 And *Arethusa* once that lov'd the Wood,  
 But now an azure Goddess of the Flood.

To

To these *Clymene* sung, in tuneful Strains,  
 The pleasing Thefts of *Mars*, and *Vulcan's* fruitless Pains,  
 And all the Loves of ev'ry God made known,  
 From ancient *Chaos* down to *Saturn's* Son.  
 While thus the Wheel they ply'd, she held the Throng  
 Fix'd in Attention to the warbled Song :  
 Again the Sound invades the moist Retreats,  
 Aghast the Nymphs forsake their chrystal Seats ;  
 But *Arethusa* rear'd her beauteous Head  
 Above the Waves, and thus from far she said :  
 Sister, thy Fears maternal Fondness show,  
 Not strange the Voice, nor common is the Woe ;  
 Thy *Aristæus*, once thy chiefest Care,  
 A Prey to Grief, and frantick with Despair,  
 On *Peneus'* Banks now stands with streaming Eyes,  
 And calls thee cruel with repeated Cries.  
 To whom *Cyrene* mov'd by fresh Alarms ;  
 Quickly, oh ! quickly give him to my Arms,  
 Safely the Youth deriv'd from heavenly Strain  
 May view the Secrets of our wat'ry Reign.

This said, at once she bade the Waves divide ;  
 The Waves obsequious form on either Side  
 A liquid Wall, the Youth with Awe descends,  
 And to his Mother's rocky Palace tends,  
 Through Groves of Coral Walks, and with Amaze  
 The Wonders of the liquid Realms surveys ;  
 He hears the Waters roar with vast Surprise,  
 And views the Springs whence mighty Rivers rise :  
*Phasis* and *Lycus* hence derive their Stores,  
 Here in his Urn profound *Enipeus* roars ;  
 Here yellow *Tybur* rears his awful Head,  
 And *Anio* murmurs in his oozy Bed :  
 Supplies to *Hypanis* this Fountain yields,  
 From that *Caicus* leaves fair *Myfia's* Fields :  
 Here horn'd *Eridanus* first draws his Source,  
 The King of Floods, tumultuous in his Course,  
 Than whom no Stream more rapid cleaves the Plain,  
 Or rolls a larger Tribute to the Main.  
 Soon as he reach'd the Chamber arch'd with Stone,  
 And to his penfive Mother told his Moan,

The

The Nymphs attendant finest Towels bring,  
 And draw pure Waters from their hallow'd Spring,  
 The loaded Board beneath the Banquet bends,  
 The Altar's Smoak in fragrant Clouds ascends.  
*Cyrene* now begins the Rites divine,  
 And to old *Ocean* pours *Mæonian* Wine ;  
 She then invokes the Nymphs that haunt the Woods,  
 Or keep the secret Caverns of the Floods ;  
 With Wine she sprinkl'd thrice the sacred Fire,  
 Thrice to the Roof the crackling Flames aspire ;  
 Pleas'd with so fair a Sign, *Cyrene* cheers  
 Her mournful Son, and thus dispels his Fears :  
 Where the *Carpathian* Billows roll their Tides,  
*Proteus* a venerable Seer resides ;  
 Born in his Car He sweeps the briny Plains,  
 And scaly Courfers hearken to his Reins :  
 Now to *Emathia's* Port his Way he bends,  
 Or to his native Shore *Pallene* tends :  
 To him we Nymphs religious Homage pay,  
 And ancient *Nereus* owns his mighty Sway.

He knows things present, can the past relate,  
 And what lies rip'ning in the Womb of Fate ;  
 Such *Neptune's* Will, whose finny Herds he keeps,  
 And feeds the various Monsters of the Deeps.  
 With Force surprize, and urge him to disclose  
 The latent Spring from whence thy Trouble flows.  
 Without Constraint He never lends his Aid,  
 No Prayers can move Him, and no Gifts persuade.  
 To bind him fast thy utmost Care employ,  
 Superior Force will all his Wiles destroy.  
 Soon as the mid-day Sun inflames the Sky,  
 And Flocks from thirsty Plains to Covert fly,  
 Then will I lead thee to the dark Abode,  
 Where stretch'd in Sleep reclines the drowzy God.  
 But He when fetter'd, to excite thy Fear,  
 In Shapes of different Monsters will appear :  
 Now rage a Tyger, and now foam a Boar ;  
 Now hiss a Serpent, now a Lion roar,  
 Or strive in Flames his Freedom to regain,  
 Or slide in running Waters from the Chain.

But

But while He tries all Arts, undaunted stand,  
 And strain his Fetters with a stricter Hand,  
 'Till He resumes the Form without Disguise,  
 Such as when Sleep first fate upon his Eyes.  
 She spoke, and pour'd Ambrosia on his Head,  
 Soon through each Joint the heav'nly Fragrance spread,  
 Unusual Brightness in his Aspect shone,  
 And His Limbs felt a Vigour not their own.  
 Deep in a Mountain's Side a Cavern lay,  
 Beneath whose Brow the Waters form a Bay,  
 Where Ships by Tempests tofs'd securely ride,  
 Scorn the rough Winds, and brave the angry Tide.  
 The Goddess here conceal'd her Son from View,  
 While she, involv'd in sable Clouds, withdrew.  
 The raging Dog-star parch'd the *Indian* Plains,  
 The wither'd Herbage call'd for cooling Rains ;  
 The Noon-tide Sun intensely shot his Beams,  
 And scorch'd the Mud beneath the deepest Streams :  
 When *Proteus*, to avoid the sult'ry Heat,  
 Sought the known Covert of his cool Retreat,

The



The scaly Monsters sport around his Car,  
 And from their Nostrils spout the briny Dews afar.  
 Soon on the Shore dissolv'd in Sleep they lie,  
 While He surveys them with a careful Eye :  
 Thus on a rising Hillock, to behold  
 His fleecy Care returning to the Fold,  
 The Shepherd stands, when Lambs at close of Day  
 With bleating Cries provoke the Wolf to Prey.  
 Scarce was the Prophet sunk in soft Repose,  
 But *Aristæus* from his Ambush rose :  
 Shouting he rush'd with Chains his Limbs t' invade ;  
 The wily Seer his usual Arts assay'd,  
 Now to a Beast transforms his various Shape ;  
 Now strives in Fire, or Water, to escape.  
 Subdu'd at length, his magick Force was broke,  
 And, to Himself returning, thus He spoke :  
 What Pow'r, rash Youth, impell'd thee to explore  
 My dark Retreat unknown to Man before ?  
 Thus unappall'd with Dread the Youth reply'd :  
 Prophet, thou know'st my Bus'ness, and my Guide :

No

No mortal Art can wary *Proteus* cheat,  
 Own thy self vanquish'd, and forego Deceit :  
 By Heav'ns Command I come to seek thy Aid,  
 And learn the Cause from whence my Bees decay'd.  
 Thus said the Youth ; the Prophet glow'd with Ire,  
 And roll'd his Eyes that darted livid Fire ;  
 Then thus indignant spoke the Voice of Fate :  
 Some God pursues thee with uncommon Hate ;  
 Great are thy Crimes ; unless the Fates oppose  
 The Pray'rs of *Orpheus*, great will be thy Woes :  
 For thy Offence the guiltless Poet dy'd,  
 At thee He rages for his murder'd Bride ;  
 For while the Nymph, to save her spotless Charms,  
 And shun Pollution, fled thy lustful Arms,  
 Along the River Side her Course she held,  
 Nor saw the Snake beneath the Grass conceal'd.  
 Her Fellow Nymphs on *Thracia's* frozen Shore  
 All bath'd in Tears her sudden Fate deplore ;  
 The *Getes* and *Thracians* melt in tender Woe,  
 And the cold Streams of *Heber* mournful flow.

All o'er the naked Beach forlorn He strays,  
 And vents his Grief in sadly-moving Lays ;  
 On loft *Eurydice* his Song depends,  
 Which with the Day begins, and with it ends.  
 Fearless He seeks the Mansions void of Light,  
 The Regions wrapp'd in everlasting Night,  
 Where Ghosts abide, and grisly *Pluto* reigns  
 Who ever deaf to human Pray'rs remains.  
 As through the dreary Gloom He pass'd along,  
 The gath'ring Spectres listen'd to his Song :  
 Not Birds, when forc'd by Night or wint'ry Storms,  
 Fly to the Woods in half such num'rous Swarms :  
 Babes, Virgins, Matrons, and the Warrior's Shade  
 Charm'd by his Musick, thicken o'er the Glade ;  
*Cocytus* these encloses all around,  
 Black Mud, and nauseous Weeds, pollute the Ground,  
 The Waves of *Styx* in fable Mazes glide,  
 And thrice three times around 'em rolls their baleful Tide.  
 The lulling Sweetness of his heav'nly Strains  
 Clear'd for a while the melancholly Plains ;

The

The Furies' Snakes in painted Ringlets play,  
 Of Rage difarm'd the triple Monfter lay,  
*Ixion* charm'd forgets his Pains to feel,  
 And ftops the rapid Motion of his Wheel.  
 From Danger fafe He leaves the Realms of Night,  
 And with his much-lov'd Wife returns to Light;  
 She follows clofe behind him ftill unfeen,  
 Such were the Orders of the *Stygian* Queen.  
 Juft on the Confines of the upper Skies  
 He caft on fair *Eurydice* His Eyes,  
 Small Fault! ev'n *Pluto* might that Fault forego,  
 It ought like Pity mov'd the Gods below.  
 Vain were his Toils, and vain the Contraft made,  
 Thrice roll'd the Thunder through the dreary Shade.  
 Then thus the Nymph: What Madnefs urg'd thee on?  
 Ill-fated Man, alas! we're both undone;  
 The Fates recall me to the nether Skies,  
 And Sleep eternal feals my fwimming Eyes.  
 A long, and laft Farewel! I'm thine no more,  
 Torn from thy Arms I feek the *Stygian* Shore.

This said, like Smoak she vanish'd from his Sight,  
 Rapt to the Shades of everlasting Night.  
 Quick from her rosy Cheeks the Life-blood fled,  
 She cross'd the Stream, and mingl'd with the Dead.  
 Unmov'd by Pray'rs relentless *Charon* stood,  
 Nor more would waft Him o'er the *Stygian* Flood.  
 And now what moving Story can He tell ?  
 What Strains invent to sooth the Pow'rs of Hell ?  
 Full Sev'n long Moons He rov'd o'erwhelm'd with Woe,  
 Where *Strymon's* Waves in chrystal Windings flow ;  
 The soften'd Tygers round the Poet play,  
 And bending Oaks hang list'ning to his Lay :  
 Thus, when a Swain has robb'd her of her Young,  
 Sad *Philomela* chaunts her plaintive Song ;  
 All Night her tuneful Sorrow fills the Glade,  
 And warbles mournful through the Poplar Shade.  
 A desert, solitary Life He led,  
 Cold to the Transports of the genial Bed ;  
 O'er *Thracia's* Mountains ever white with Snows,  
 Or o'er the Fields where silver *Tanais* flows,

Lonely

Lonely He roam'd, unmov'd by Beauty's Charms,  
 And mourn'd his Love twice ravish'd from his Arms.  
 Fir'd with Revenge, the *Bacchanalian* Throng  
 Rush'd on the Bard regardless of his Song ;  
 His mangl'd Limbs they scatter'd o'er the Plain,  
 Deaf to his Cries, and careless of his Pain.  
 Then from his snowy Neck his Head they tore,  
 Which on it's Waves *Oeagrian Heber* bore :  
*Eurydice*, the Subject of his Song,  
 In dying Accents trembled on his Tongue.  
*Eurydice* with feeble Voice He cry'd,  
*Eurydice* the echoing Banks reply'd.  
 Thus *Proteus* spake ; then in the vast Profound  
 He plung'd, and dash'd the foamy Waves around.  
*Cyrene* staid ; her Son she thus address'd,  
 And banish'd Fear and Sorrow from his Breast.  
 From hence thy Troubles spring, the *Sylvan* Train  
 For this Misdeed thy Bees with Plagues have slain ;  
 With Pray'rs and Gifts the angry Nymphs assuage,  
 For Pray'rs and Gifts will soon appease their Rage.

But first attentive hearken to my Lore,  
 And with these Rites th' offended Pow'rs adore :  
 Select Four lusty Bulls of choicest Breed,  
 Which on *Lycæus*' verdant Summit feed,  
 Four Heifers chuse unconscious of the Wain,  
 And raise Four Altars in the lofty Fane ;  
 From the slain Victims pour the sacred Blood,  
 And leave their Bodies in the shady Wood :  
 When Morn has nine times streak'd the East with Day,  
 To *Orpheus*' Shade *Lethean* Poppies pay.  
 To calm his Bride (for thus has Fate decreed)  
 A fatted Calf, and sable Ewe must bleed ;  
 That done, returning seek the Wood-land Shade ;  
*Cyrene* order'd, and the Youth obey'd.  
 With duteous Steps He to the Grove repairs,  
 The Temple visits, and the Altars rears :  
 He took Four lusty Bulls of choicest Strain,  
 And Heifers Four that never knew the Wain ;

On the Ninth Morn the Off'ring due He paid  
 To *Orpheus*' injur'd Ghost, and fought the Wood-land  
 (Shade,

Behold ! a sudden Prodigy appears :

The humming Sound of Bees invades his Ears,  
 From the torn Bowels issuing through the Sides,  
 The living Cloud the yielding Air divides ;  
 Then to a neighb'ring Tree tenacious clung,  
 And from the Boughs in yellow Clusters hung.

---



BION'S ADONIS *Translated.*

**I** Mourn *Adonis*, now alas ! no more,  
 His helpless Fate the plaintive Loves deplore ;  
 Stripp'd of thy gaudy Robes, O *Venus* rise,  
 And shake the balmy Slumber from thine Eyes,  
 Melting in Woe, unhappy Goddess, tell,  
 How soon the sweet, the fair *Adonis* fell.

*I mourn Adonis, now alas ! no more,  
 His hapless Fate the plaintive Loves deplore.*

*Adonis* lies all welt'ring in his Gore,  
 On the bleak Mountains wounded by a Boar ;  
 Slow roll his Eye-balls in his sleepy Head,  
 Lifeless He seeks the Mansions of the Dead ;  
 From his fair Face the rosy Beauties fly,  
 Fade in his Cheek, and languish in his Eye,  
 Yet still with Love *Cythera's* Goddess glows,  
 And lavish Kisses on his Corse bestows,

Vain

Vain is her Love, and vain the Heavenly Kifs,  
He lies all senseless of the balmy Blifs.

*I mourn, Adonis, now alas! no more,  
His hapless Fate the plaintive Loves deplore.*

Deep in his Thigh descends the thrilling Smart,  
But deeper far in *Cytherea's* Heart.  
His much-lov'd Dogs around their Master yell,  
Snatch'd prematurely to the Shades of Hell;  
The *Dryads* melt in sympathetic Woe,  
Tears down their Cheeks in pearly Riv'lets flow,  
And *Venus*, mindful of her former Loves,  
With Hair dishevell'd wanders through the Groves,  
And while with naked Soal she treads the Ground  
Her silver Feet the prickly Briars wound,  
Her feeble Voice along the Vallies dies,  
As she invokes his Shade with piercing Cries;  
Wide gapes the Wound inflicted by the Boar,  
His snowy Thigh is ting'd with purple Gore.

*Venus*

*Venus* alas ! the Loves bewailing cry,  
 Her fading Beauties with *Adonis* die,  
 Now fair *Adonis* lies among the Dead,  
 Her Graces languish, and her Charms are fled,  
 The Hills and Woods their sad Disorder show,  
 The mourning Riv'lets roll in Streams of Woe ;  
 While in the Pangs of Death *Adonis* lay,  
 Their silent Grief the sick'ning Flow'rs betray ;  
 Fair *Cytherea* wails in doleful Sounds,  
 From Hills, from Woods the woful Dirge rebounds.

Dead is *Adonis* rueful *Venus* cries ;  
 Dead is *Adonis* Eccho sad replies.  
 Frantic with Grief as *Cytherea* spy'd  
 The streaming Gore run trickling down his Side,  
 She rear'd her Arms in Bitterness of Woe,  
 And from her Tongue these mournful Accents flow :  
 Ah ! let thy Arms around my Body twine,  
 Once more, my Dear, in close Embraces join ;

The

The last, the sweetest, living Kifs bestow,  
 Before you seek the gloomy Realms below ;  
 The Kifs shall treasur'd in my Heart remain,  
 And bring a short Oblivion of my Pain,  
 While torn from Me, from Pleasure, Life and Light,  
 You seek the pitchy Mansions of the Night.  
 I seem all-pow'rful, yet implore Relief,  
 And Immortality augments my Grief.  
 Goddess who rul'st the Regions void of Day  
 (For far o'er mine extends thy pow'rful Sway)  
 O ! let *Adonis* safe from Harms abide,  
 And in *Elysium*'s happy Fields reside.  
 Worn out with Grief the Dregs of Life I drain,  
 And wail my much-lov'd Youth untimely slain,  
 My Love, my Joys, like airy Dreams, are fled ;  
 I lie abandon'd in a Widow's Bed ;  
 The Cestus once so prevalent in Love,  
 And all the Charms I boasted useless prove.  
 How could thy Youth to chace the Boar presume ?  
 Ill suits the Hunter's Toil with Beauty's Bloom !

P

Thus

Thus *Venus* pour'd her unaffected Moan,  
And the sad *Loves* return'd her Groan for Groan.

Lamenting *Venus* near *Adonis* flood,  
One pour'd a Tide of Tears, and One of Blood,  
Streight rising Flow'rs their flagrant Buds disclose,  
Hence sprung *Anemone*, and hence the Rose.

*I mourn Adonis, now alas ! no more,*  
*O Venus, cease in Woods thy Husband to deplore.*

Now fair *Adonis* ceases to be thine,  
Stretch'd on a Couch *Adonis* lies supine,  
Fair He appears, and charms though void of Breath,  
His Beauty glows, revives, and blooms in Death.  
Clad in those Robes the breathless Charmer lay  
In which with thee He lov'd the Night away.  
To grace *Adonis* flow'ry Chaplets bring,  
And lavish all the Beauties of the Spring.

For

For Him the Roses shed their purple Pride,  
 For Him the Lillies hung their Heads and dy'd.  
 Around his Bier the sacred Myrtle spread,  
 And fragrant Oil, and balmy Unguents shed ;  
 You touch'd with Grief those roseate Balms despise,  
 Alas ! your sov'raign Balm *Adonis* dies.  
 His hapless Fate the *Loves* bewail, and tear  
 The graceful Ringlets of their waving Hair,  
 Lamenting Accents melt on ev'ry Tongue,  
 Their Shafts are blunted, and their Bows unstrung ;  
 One Water cool in golden Chargers brings,  
 One fans *Adonis* with his filken Wings.

While Grief, O *Venus*, bids thy Tears to flow,  
 The rueful *Loves* participate thy Woe ;  
 The Nuptial Taper's fainting Lights decay,  
 And all the genial Garlands fade away.  
*Hymen* no more repeats his mirthful Strains,  
 In mournful Notes the wretched God complains.

Behold each *Grace* o'erwhelm'd with Grief appears,  
 The sad, the pious Partners of her Tears,  
 How fair *Adonis* dy'd they doleful tell,  
 And strive in Grief *Dione* to excel.  
 Ev'n the relenting *Fates* His Death deplore,  
 The *Fates* whom Sorrow never touch'd before ;  
 But all in vain ! stern *Proserpine* remains  
 Deaf to their Woe, and sweet-resounding Strains.  
 Cease, *Cytherea*, thou hast wept thy Due ;  
 But ev'ry Year thy pious Tears renew.

PSALM CXIV. *Translated.*

**W**HEN happy *Israel* freed from slavish Toil  
 Forsook the barb'rous Regions of the *Nile*,  
 His Sanctity on *Judah* brightly shone,  
*Israel* rejoyc'd his Majesty to own ;  
 Astonish'd *Ocean* from his Glory fled,  
 Recoiling *Jordan* sought his oozy Bed ;  
 Like Rams the Mountains skip along the Ground,  
 Like sportive Lambs the little Hillocks bound.  
 Why did'st thou, *Ocean*, hide thy fearful Head ?  
 Why did'st thou, *Jordan*, seek thy oozy Bed ?  
 Why did ye skip, ye Mountains high, like Rams ?  
 Why did ye bound, ye little Hills, like Lambs ?  
 Tremble thou, Earth, with reverential Fear,  
 Tremble thou, Earth, when *Jacob's* God is near,  
 Who forc'd the Rock to stagnate in the Field,  
 And the rough Flint a living Spring to yield.



*On the Death of the Reverend Mr. JOHN  
BINGHAM, Student of Christ-Church,  
Oxford. By T. GILBERT, A. M. Fel-  
low of Peter-house in Cambridge.*

---

*Erat Homo ingeniosus, acutus, acer, qui plurimum &  
salis haberet, & fellis, nec candoris minus. PLIN. Epist.*

---

**T**Hough vain the tributary Tears we shed  
For Friends in Exile, or untimely dead,  
When Men, distinguish'd for their Merit, die,  
The Muses love to sing their Elegy,  
In humble Strains the mournful Theme pursue,  
And give to Friendship what is Virtue's Due.  
What honest Nature dictates void of Art,  
With Eyes o'erflowing, and a bleeding Heart,

Free

Free from the labour'd Ornaments of Verse,  
 Shall pay the Tribute due to BINGHAM's Hearse.  
 Oh ! could these Lines, illustrious Shade, restore  
 Life to those Virtues which are now no more,  
 E'en CONYBEARE would bless the Sacred Nine,  
 And own their Inspiration was divine.  
 In Dawn of Life so strong thy Merit shone,  
 Mankind could scarce expect a brighter Noon.  
 Sure *Oxford* universal Sorrow wears,  
 And *Isis*' Stream encreases with her Tears !  
 Such was her Grief when MILTON's \* Son expir'd,  
 A rising Genius by the World admir'd.  
 Too partial Fate will let the Fool and Knave  
 Drag in Contempt their Beings to the Grave,  
 But like a Tyrant labours to destroy  
 All that excel in Worth, or give us Joy,  
 Who shine like Meteors glorious in their Birth,  
 But soon in blazing Ruins sink to Earth.

\* PHILIPS.

So

So good MARCELLUS perish'd in his Bloom,  
 The rising Hope, and Ornament of *Rome*,  
 With ev'ry shining Quality adorn'd,  
 Like thee, by Men of Worth, and Virtue, mourn'd.  
 What Art can reach, or Science can define  
 Among Philosophers or Wits to shine,  
 Without the help of Flattery was Thine;  
 Youth's giddy Sons, and Age severely wise,  
 From thy sweet Converse could instructed rise;  
 A Genius for all Parts of Learning fit,  
 Bless'd with strong Judgment, and a ready Wit,  
 Whose rare Abilities would Envy move,  
 Had not his sweet Behaviour won our Love.  
 Firm to his Principles, to Honour just,  
 As guardian Angels faithful to their Trust,  
 He gave his Friends and Enemies their Due,  
 Above their Censure, and their Praises too.  
 Severe in Morals, honest without Art,  
 An able Head, and uncorrupted Heart;

Possess'd

Possess'd of little with a chearful Mind,  
 Enjoying Life, and yet in Death resign'd,  
 The gay Tranquillity, the Heart-felt Joy  
 Beyond the Pow'r of Fortune to destroy ;  
 The best Companion, the sincerest Friend,  
 Rever'd in Life, lamented in his End.  
 How few like Him in early Youth approv'd !  
 Admir'd by Enemies, by Friends belov'd ;  
 Such is the Merit of an honest Fame,  
 And such the Character his Virtues claim.  
 Sometimes in Converse o'er the Mid-night Bowl  
 When Wine unfolds the Secrets of the Soul,  
 When absent Friends our grateful Thoughts engage,  
 Or Beauties that adorn, and charm this Age,  
 Thy sacred Image damps my rising Mirth,  
 And gives to sad Reflections hateful Birth,  
 Imagination paints the Pleasure past ;  
 But so refin'd a Bliss could never last !  
 On ev'ry Word each Guest enraptur'd hung,  
 And blest'd the Genius that inspir'd thy Tongue.

Now Women, Wine, nor Mirth have Pow'r to move,  
 The Friend that shares my Soul, or Nymph I love,  
 Thy dear Remembrance strikes my troubl'd Mind,  
 And casts all other Pleasures far behind.  
 But here the pensive Muse resigns her Pen,  
 And weeps no longer o'er the best of Men.

---

P S A L M CXXXVII. *Translated.*

**S** A D and forlorn near *Babylon* we lay,  
 Where limpid Streams in Chryſtal Mazes play,  
 Strong in our Minds unhappy *Sion* roſe,  
 And brought a freſh Remembrance of our Woes;  
 Our ſilent Harps on mournful Willows hung,  
 Mute were our Voices, and our Harps unſtrung;  
 The ſcornful Victors load our Limbs with Chains,  
 Inſult our Anguiſh, and deride our Pains;  
 With Taunts they cry'd, “ Repeat a mirthful Air,  
 “ Such as was ſung in *Sion* once the fair.  
 Captive, abandon'd, in a foreign Land,  
 How can we answer this unjuſt Demand?  
 How can we praiſe the Lord in joyful Strains,  
 Where Sadneſs pines, and mad Confuſion reigns?  
 O *Salem*, ever woful! ever dear!  
 If I forget thee through a daſtard Fear,

Let my ungrateful Hand forget to play,  
 And tune the Chords responsive to my Lay.  
 If I with Trouble or with Care oppress'd  
 Should blot thy lovely Image from my Breast,  
 May I forget the Melody of Song,  
 And lasting Silence dwell upon my Tongue.  
 On that dire Day when hostile Squadrons stood  
 Breathing Revenge, and thirsting for our Blood,  
 Remember, Lord, how swoln with envious Pride,  
 Enflam'd with Ire the Sons of *Edom* cry'd ;  
 Call forth your Rage, the stately Walls confound,  
 And raze the goodly Structures to the Ground.  
 Devoted *Babylon* ! thy lofty Wall,  
 The Source of all our Woes, is doom'd to fall ;  
 That Prince shall Fame, eternal Fame acquire,  
 Who lays thy City waste with Sword and Fire,  
 And deaf to Children's Cries, and Parents' Moans,  
 Shall dash thy bleeding Infants on the Stones.

*The Seventh ODE of the Fourth Book of*  
 HORACE *imitated.*

*To a FRIEND.*

**A**T length the SNOWS are thaw'd, the Fields resume  
 Their genial Verdure, and the Myrtles bloom.  
 The Streams, by wint'ry Torrents swoln, subside,  
 Kiss the moist Banks, and in their Channels glide.  
 The Fair, encourag'd by approaching Spring,  
 Shine in the *Mall*, or sparkle in the *Ring*.  
 The rolling Year instructs you Life to scan,  
 And not extend your Hopes beyond your Span:  
 To sooth the Winter vernal Zephyrs blow:  
 But soon the Summer Suns intensely glow;  
 The Summer's Heat to milder Autumn yields,  
 When golden Apples glitter through the Fields;  
 But Autumn soon recedes, and *Boreas* brings  
 The lazy Winter on his hoary Wings.

The



The silver Moon her Orb collecting wanes,  
 And shines refulgent in th' Ethereal Plains;  
 But when of Life bereft we touch the Shore  
 Where *Bingham*, *Peers*, and *Wand'sford* went before,  
 In those dark Realms our brittle Clay decay'd  
 Moulders to Dust, and dwindles to a Shade.  
 Can human Wisdom say, the Pow'rs divine  
 Will to this Day of Life to Morrow join?  
 Then seize the present, crown the sprightly Bowl,  
 Feast all the Senses, and enlarge the Soul;  
 The Sums consum'd your Heir can never miss,  
 Nor know at what Expence you bought your Bliss.  
 When at the Bar of *Minos* you appear,  
 And from his Lips impartial Sentence hear,  
 Your shining Talents and illustrious Race  
 Can ne'er restore you to your Friend's Embrace.  
 Vain were th' Attempt, should *Pallas* lend her Aid,  
 To call her *Bingham* from the *Stygian* Shade;  
 Nor *Talbot's* Friendship, since it could not save,  
 Can raise his much-lov'd *Wand'sford* from the Grave.

On

On the Death of the Right Honourable  
the Lord CASTLECOMER, 1736.

By T. GILBERT, *A. M. Fellow of Peter-  
house in Cambridge.*

**F**arewell! thou blooming Hope of *Britain's* Isle,  
Whose Converse could the Cares of Life beguile,  
Enrich'd with lively Wit, with Arts adorn'd,  
In the first Scene of Youth admir'd, and mourn'd;  
Whom Heav'n repenting thought a Gift too great,  
And early snatch'd thee to a better State,  
Where Souls like thine of an exalted kind  
From ev'ry mean and vulgar Thought refin'd,  
Dwell in pure Regions of Immortal Joy,  
Where nothing can the high-wrought Bliss destroy;  
Where injur'd Innocence kind Angels guard,  
And flighted Virtue meets a sure Reward.

Lamented



Lamented Youth ! what Tears of Sorrow flow,  
 How ev'ry penfive Bosom heaves with Woe !  
 While those whose Breasts the tuneful Nine inspire,  
 Though dumb with Grief, yet touch the moving Lyre,  
 In melancholy Numbers void of Art  
 Speak the sad Language of an aking Heart.  
 Since the frail Sisters cut 'Thy slender Thread,  
 And you are rank'd among th' Illustrious Dead,  
 Now ev'ry Coxcomb's fond Ambition ends  
 Whom Vanity, or Fortune made your Friends ;  
 When the mean Tribe of Slaves no longer wait,  
 To croud like Parasites your Palace Gate,  
 The Sacred Muse to Friendship ever dear,  
 O'er your cold Ashes sheds a grateful Tear ;  
 'Tis Her's to pay the last sad Tribute due  
 To celebrated Worth, in Friends like you,  
 In humble Strains to make their Merit known,  
 Or mark their Virtues on the sculptur'd Stone.  
*Wand'sford* farewell ! in whom kind Nature join'd  
 Whatever could instruct or charm the Mind ;

What-

With Learning Candour, Honesty with Truth,  
 The Sage's Wisdom with the Fire of Youth,  
 Whose Affability and winning Air  
 Could entertain a Friend, or please the Fair;  
 Who made stern Honour all his Actions guide,  
 Though nobly born, without one Spark of Pride;  
 Whose Glory on its own Foundation stood,  
 And claim'd no Merit from Descent of Blood.  
 When the gay Scene of fleeting Life is o'er,  
 And the World's Vanities delight no more,  
 The parting Soul reflecting on Your Death  
 Shall yield with greater Joy her latest Breath,  
 Without one Struggle bid the World adieu,  
 And wing her Flight to Happiness and You.

R

*On*

*On the Widow BRADGATE of the Three  
Tuns in Oxford, 1734.*

*By a FRIEND.*

**L**ET fighting Poets in a Love-sick Strain  
By purling Streams of cruel Nymphs complain,  
Or else the tuneful Nine's Assistance boast  
In labour'd Verse to celebrate a Toast ;  
Majestic *Bradgate's* Charms my Lays inspire,  
And ev'ry Thought with glowing Raptures fire.  
Let other Nymphs with Artifice prepare  
To make each careless Lock contain a Snare,  
Consult the Glass their Features to improve,  
And strike each self-enamour'd Fop with Love ;  
While the gay Widow with a graceful Air  
Excels in native Charms the brightest Fair,

Commands

Commands detracting Crowds to own her Pow'r,  
 Strikes Envy dumb, and makes the World adore.  
 Mankind must envy thee, illustrious Shade,  
 Whose Merit could deserve so fair a Maid ;  
 Extremes of Happiness can never last ;  
 Soon was the transitory Pleasure past,  
 And when you had enjoy'd your beauteous Bride,  
 Confess'd the Transport was too great, and dy'd.  
 But still the Pledges of their Love remain,  
 Whose Charms their Mother's Empire will maintain ;  
 Though lovely Children her chaste Raptures bless,  
 No pregnant Pangs could make her Beauty less.  
 As *Cybele*, the Mother of the Gods,  
 Whose radiant Offspring fills the bright Abodes,  
 In spite of Time her youthful Charms can boast,  
 Fair as the Fairest of the Heav'nly Host ;  
 So *Bradgate* (mark but this prophetic Truth)  
 Shall shine for ever in the Bloom of Youth.

*The* T O A S T.

*By the same.*

**L** E T Infidels be hush'd ; fill high my Glas ;  
Fair *Dashwood* proves an Atheist is an Ass ;  
None but a Deity such Art could boast  
To form so gay, so beautiful a Toast.

---

*The*

*The* P A T R I O T.

*By the same.*

CURSE on that fordid Miser's Lust of Gold,  
 By whom his Country's Interest is fold  
*Auletes* cries ; and with a Patriot's Voice  
 Declares, " Or Liberty or Death's my Choice.  
 But when *N——e* whispers in his Ear,  
 Your Vote shall gain Two Thousand Pounds a Year ;  
 With an obsequious Bow he thanks his Grace,  
 And wonders how he could mistake the Case.

*The*



*The Rape of EUROPA Translated from  
MOSCHUS, beginning at*

Ὡς εἰπῶσ' ἀνόρεσε, φίλας δ' ἐπιδίξεθ' ἑταίρας.

**T**HEN from her downy Bed *Europa* rose,  
Her lov'd, coeval, Fellow-Nymphs she chose,  
With whom she bath'd where pure *Anaurus* glides,  
Or led the Dances on his verdant Sides,  
Or cropp'd the Roses from the painted Field,  
Or stole the Scent which fragrant Lillies yield.  
Th' obsequious Nymphs obey their Queen's Command,  
Each takes an ample Basket in her Hand,  
Then to the well-known Mead they bend their Way,  
The Mead that bord'ring on the Ocean lay,  
Where roseat Objects entertain the Sight,  
And murm'ring Streams create a fresh Delight.  
*Europa* bore a Basket form'd of Gold,  
The Work of *Vulcan*, goodly to behold,

To

To *Lybia* giv'n when she resign'd her Charms  
 To blefs with Love the wat'ry Monarch's Arms ;  
 But *Lybia* gave the Workmanship divine  
 To *Telephessa* of her Kindred Line,  
 Then on *Europa Telephess'* bestow'd  
 The rich, the artful Labours of the God :  
*Inachian Io* breath'd in Gold refin'd,  
 A Heifer yet bereft of human Mind,  
 Of Reason void she cross'd the liquid Plain ;  
 In Azure flow'd the well-diffembl'd Main ;  
 Two Men upon the Ocean's Margin stood,  
 And saw the Heifer stem the briny Flood ;  
 Then on the Cow his Hand *Saturnius* laid,  
 And near the *Nile* transform'd her to a Maid ;  
 The Streams of *Nile* in ductile Silver roll'd,  
 Brafs was the Beave, the God-head shone in Gold.  
 Just on the labour'd Verge *Cyllenius* lies,  
 And *Argus* wakeful with an hundred Eyes,  
 From whose warm Gore a Bird exulting springs,  
 And proudly waves its party-colour'd Wings ;

The



The new-born Fowl displays its various Tail,  
 Whose Plumes expanded like a wavy Sail;  
 The Basket's golden Brim it cover'd o'er,  
 Which to the Meadow fair *Europa* bore.

Soon as they reach'd the Mead and flow'ry Bed,  
 They chose, they gather'd as their Fancies led,  
 This *Hyacinth*, that cropp'd the *Violet* blue,  
 A third *Narcissus* of a paler Hue;  
 The new-pluck'd Flow'rets shed their Leaves around,  
 And vernal Beauties thick o'erspread the Ground;  
 Some rob the *Crocus* of its fragrant Smell,  
 In the sweet Toil each lab'ring to excel.  
 But in the midst the fair *Europa* stands,  
 And culls the *Roses* with her snowy Hands:  
 Than all her Nymphs she boasts a nobler Mien;  
 (As o'er the *Graces* shines the *Paphian* Queen)  
 Not long to wanton on the flow'ry Plain,  
 Nor long of Love unconscious to remain;

As

As Thund'ring *Jove* beheld the blooming Dame,  
 He glow'd, He languish'd with a pleasing Flame,  
 Fair *Venus* can his Terrors all remove,  
 He melts, He softens, and He yields to Love.  
 From *Juno's* jealous Rage Himself He veil'd,  
 And in a Bull the latent God conceal'd ;  
 Not such a Bull as harrows up the Plains,  
 Or on his Neck the galling Yoke sustains,  
 Not such as feeds among the servile Throng,  
 Or lab'ring draws the lazy Wain along ;  
 His Body yellow, in his Front arose  
 A silver Circle white as falling Snows ;  
 His azure Eye-balls languishingly bright  
 Sparkl'd with Love, and glow'd with soft Delight.  
 Two polish'd Antlers from his Front extend,  
 Like *Cynthia's* Horns in Symmetry they bend.  
 The Mead He enter'd ; then the Nymphs drew near,  
 And stroak'd the gentle Beast devoid of Fear.  
 Just at the chaste *Europa's* Feet He staid,  
 And full of Transport kiss'd the lovely Maid ;

S

She

She wipes the Froth as from his Mouth it flows,  
 And harmless Kisses on the Bull bestows,  
 Melodious Lowings antedate his Joys,  
 Soft as the *Phrygian* Pipe's harmonious Noise.  
 Bending at fair *Europa's* Feet He bow'd,  
 And on the Nymph retorted Glances throw'd,  
 The stooping Beast his ample Back display'd ;  
 Thus to her fair-hair'd Nymphs *Europa* said :  
 My fav'rite Virgins, to my Words attend ;  
 Approach, approach, this gentle Bull ascend,  
 In sportive Pomp he'll bear us o'er the Plain,  
 For his broad Back will ev'ry Nymph contain.  
 Unlike the rest, He's beauteous, soft and kind,  
 His Looks, His Actions speak a human Mind ;  
 Nature in him has Speech alone suppress'd,  
 Thus spake the Nymph----- then smiling mounts the  
(Beast.

Streight swift as Light'ning springing to the Shore,  
 The blooming Virgin, Heav'nly Prize ! He bore ;

With

With out-stretch'd Arms she call'd her menial Train,  
 She turn'd, she look'd, she sigh'd, she wish'd, in vain;  
 Fearless He plung'd amid the wat'ry Way,  
 And like a Dolphin shot along the Sea.  
 Emerging Nymphs the parting Waves divide,  
 On monstrous Whales the blue-ey'd *Nereids* ride,  
*Neptune* Himself compos'd the angry Main,  
 And led his Brother o'er the liquid Plain,  
 Gath'ring around the Sea-born *Tritons* throng,  
 And their shrill Trumps resound the Nuptial Song.  
 Fix'd on the Bull *Europa* firm remain'd,  
 One Hand her Vest, and one her self sustain'd,  
 Her floating Garment wanton'd in the Air,  
 And, dancing like a Sail, upheld the trembling Fair.  
 But she whom Fates averse had doom'd to roam  
 Far from her Country, Friends, and pleasing Home,  
 (Now when no hospitable Shore appear'd,  
 No lofty Mountain's airy Summit rear'd,  
 Above, the Heav'ns their azure Brightness show,  
 The wide-extended Ocean foam'd below)



Gaz'd all around despairing of Relief,  
 And in these doleful Accents vents her Grief:  
 How can'st thou journey o'er the briny Plain,  
 Nor dread the various Perils of the Main?  
 Ships o'er the parting Ocean safely ride,  
 But tim'rous Bulls abhor the foamy Tide;  
 To flake thy Thirst no chrystal Fountains rise,  
 The liquid Wild substantial Food denies.  
 Art thou a God, in Heav'n who hold'st thy Reign?  
 If so, to act beneath a God disdain.  
 The solid Earth no Sea-born Dolphins sweep,  
 No Oxen sail along the hoary Deep;  
 Secure on Earth, secure you stem the Tide,  
 Your Hoofs like Oars the yielding Waves divide;  
 Soon like a Bird you'll tow'r, and soar on high,  
 Amid the azure Regions of the Sky.  
 Unhappy me! who by this Bull am led,  
 Unhappy me! who from my Country fled,  
 Now unaccustom'd o'er the wat'ry Way,  
 Hopeless, forlorn, disconsolate I stray.

*Neptune*

*Neptune* assist, your Empire you retain.  
 Deep in the chrystal Caverns of the Main,  
 Sure not without the Guidance of a God  
 I ride in Safety o'er the liquid Road.

In these Complaints the trembling Virgin mourn'd;  
 The fair-horn'd Bull an Answer thus return'd :  
 Restrain your Grief, your drooping Spirits chear,  
 Desist, fair Nymph, the briny Surge to fear ;  
 Know I am *Jove*, I fought thee in the Field,  
 (For Gods can all things) in a Bull conceal'd,  
 Smit with thy Charms these Regions I explore,  
 And cross the Seas unknown to Bulls before.  
 Thee to the *Cretan* Shore secure I'll bear,  
 Where *Amalthea* nurs'd my Youth with Care,  
 From thee a noble Offspring shall descend,  
 Whose wide Dominion with the World shall end.

Thus spake the God, and what He spake was true,  
 That Infant *Crete* arose upon the View ;

Then



Then Thund'ring *Jove* resum'd his Form divine,  
 And all around celestial Glories shine ;  
 Th' impatient God the Virgin's Zone disclos'd,  
 The winged Hours the genial Bed compos'd,  
 Proud of her Conquest she resign'd her Charms,  
 And rose a teeming Mother from his Arms.

---

*A Translation from the Latin ODE of  
 the Third Chapter of H A B B A K U K.*

*By a F R I E N D.*

**T**HE Great CREATOR arm'd with Wrath divine  
 Forfaking *Teman*, and the lofty *Paran*,  
 With Majesty refulgent fill'd the World,  
 And all the wide Expanse of chrystal Sky.

Death flies before in various Shapes of Ills,  
 The Plague and every terrible Disease  
 Attend the Deity in dreadful Pomp,  
 While Flames destructive burn beneath His Feet.

The

The Light'ning darted through the vaulted Globe  
 Casts a Dread o'er the trembling World,  
 Vast Hills subside, and Mountains shun His Wrath.

These Eyes beheld the Sun-burnt *Æthiops*  
 Struck with uncommon Fear, and *Midia*  
 Trembling amidst the rough-hoarse-sounding Noise.

The Surges in swift Torrents backward roll'd,  
 Affrighted *Jordan* to His Bed retir'd,  
 While God in Triumph rode upon the Waves.

The Hills and Rivers saw Thy Face, and fled,  
 And the loud Seas with Thy Great Presence aw'd,  
 Groan'd in hoarse Murmurs from their inmost Caves.

Each Pole's envelop'd in the Gloom of Night  
 At Thy Command ; the Radiant God of Day  
 Starting confounded, stops His fiery Steeds ;  
 And the pale lambent Moon neglects to guide  
 Her Chariot, wand'ring through the Shades of Night.

The

The Nations felt what the offended God  
Of *Jacob* cou'd perform ; He shook his Spear,  
While Arrows, pregnant with Destruction, flew  
Through the vast Void, sure Ministers of Fate.

The loud-hoarse Thunder menacing of Death  
Pierces their Ears, their Tongues forget to speak,  
And daftard Fear runs thrilling thro' each Vein.  
Tho' Earth shou'd mock the careful Ploughman's Toil,  
And Nature perish in one common Wreck,  
My Muse shall ever sing JEHOVAH's Name,  
Sole Lord of all, of Heaven and Earth Supreme.

*F I N I S.*













